PACIFIC SCHOOL OF RELIGION

Together

ROY L. SMITH

How I Pray

ERLE STANLEY GARDNER

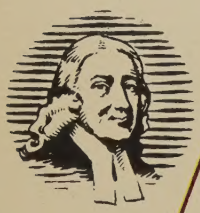
The Case of the Missing Morals

e Midmonth Magazine for Methodist Families January 1957

Together

Established in 1826 as CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE

The Midmonth Magazine for Methodist Families



"Is thy heart right, as my heart is with thine? . . Dost thou love and serve God? It is enough. I give thee the right hand of fellowship."

John Wesley (1703-1791)

January-February 1957 ***Vol. 1, No. 4***

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Watercolor by
Fred Malloy

In the awesome hush of a shrine in the nation's capital, the statue of the Great Emancipator seems forever at the point of rising to speak to his America again. Visitors come here by the thousands each year to pay tribute to Abraham Lincoln, born in a humble cabin 148 years ago on February 12. The statue was made by Daniel French; the photo, by Jack Zehrt.

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TOGETHER • JANUARY 1957

Kansas NEWS of Your Church in Action

Bishop Dana Dawson
810 National Bank of Topeka Bldg., Topeka, Kan.

Editors:
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REFUGEE FAMILY

Get Wellington Welcome

The Scheu family, formerly of New Berlin, Russian Ukraine, has found a new home. Wellington Methodists, led by the Kingdom Builders Class of First Church, sponsored refugee Friedrich Scheu, his wife Magdalena, a daughter Irene and a son Fred. The family arrived in Wellington early in December.

"This is our fifth move," explained Scheu in broken English. "We want it to be our last. This, we hope, be home."

Two older sons are awaiting sponsors in order that they might join their parents in America. One of them is now in Canada.

Sponsors of refugee families must give assurance of a home, a job, and a new life for the families. In addition, they are obligated to see that the refugees do not become public charges.

Ladies of First Church contributed furniture to help fill a five-room house which was made available for the Scheu family. The men did painting and remodeling work.

Mr. and Mrs. Scheu, born in the Ukraine, speak both Russian and German, but no English. They are now learning the English language.

Mr. Scheu is employed by the city of Wellington. One of the workmen on his crew speaks German.

Irene, the 22-year-old daughter, hopes to find employment as a bookkeeper in Wichita. In the interim, she is studying typing and English in the Wellington High School. Her brother Fred, 14, is studying English under the tutorage of Mrs. Becker, a member of First Church.

The Scheu family moved from New Berlin, located some 60 miles from Odessa near the Black Sea, to Poland at the time of the German occupation. When the Russians entered Poland, the Scheus fled to East Germany. Again the Russians moved in. Friedrich Scheu and his family went to West Germany. Later they were shipped, by the Russians, to Siberia.

Their dream to come to the United States began with the passage of the Federal Refugees Act of 1953, and was made possible by the Methodist Committee for Overseas Relief.

Mrs. Scheu recently remarked: "In Germany, we were Lutheran, but here in Wellington we are Metodiste."

Friedrich Scheu, his wife and two children, formerly from the Russian Ukraine, have come to America under sponsorship of the Kingdom Builders Class, First Methodist Church, Wellington. They are shown here with sponsor leaders. Front row, (l. to r): Friedrich Scheu, Irene, Mrs. Scheu, Mrs. Stewart Pitzer, class president. Back row: Dr. Ward Cole, class teacher, Friedrich Scheu, Sr., and the Rev. Cautious A. Choate.

'Cathedral' Rises on Parched Fields

Methodists in Garden City have not stopped building a $550,000 "cathedral on the plains" in spite of a critical drouth that has meant lean years for members.

This is what Stuart Aubrey, editor of the Garden City *Telegram,* refers to as the "Methodist Miracle."

"If you need to recharge your faith in Christianity and your community, visit this building," he advises friends. "It is a monument not alone to God, but to the faith of the people of Garden City and Southwest Kansas."

Drouth has plagued the section five years now. The Agriculture Department recently reported 29 million acres are dried out and ripe for damage by soil-eroding winds.

Reports indicate that in many places the moisture conditions are the worst in recorded history. Kansas has 10,365,000 acres, of which 9,841,000 are crop lands, in condition to blow.

Through this period the church has pushed plans for its new building off U. S. Route 50 on a tract adequate for expansion and parking.

It may be ready by Easter, reports the pastor, the Rev. Franklyn Edwards. If so, it will be opened three and a half years from the time ground was broken.

The architectural design bears the influence of southwest mission structures.

It will seat 700 persons, with room for an additional 100 in a parlor and chapel. An 18-foot cross above the altar faces a large rose window at the opposite end of the church. The altar and communion rail will be of polished granite.

"For lack of any other description," says architect Howard Blanchard, "the sanctuary will 'sparkle.' "

BOARD OF MISSIONS

Selects 7 Projects

The Central Kansas Conference Board of Missions met recently at Trinity Methodist Church, Wichita, and adopted seven conference-initiated Advance Specials for the new quadrennium.

The board met jointly with the recently created Committee on Promotion and Cultivation. Following the adoption of the specials the new committee met separately to plan strategy for the promotion of these and other matters for which it is responsible.

The following conference specials:

• Continuance of the 1000 Club with a limit of two $10 calls per year if and when authorized.

• Camps, Horizon, Lake Side, and Meridel are listed as Advance Specials for the quadrennium to receive gifts designated for permanent building improvement and/or debt retirement.

• The Wichita Methodist City Union and the Reno County Methodist Union.

• The Wichita American Indian Mission sponsored by the Wichita Methodist City Union.

• Funds designated to Kansas Wesleyan University and Southwestern College for scholarships and student aid for foreign students.

• Funds designated to Wesley Foundations at Hays, Kansas State College, and Kansas University for new buildings and/or retirement of debt.

• The Garden City Spanish Missions.

Top priority was given to the newly developed Central Avenue Church in Wichita for receipts from the 1000 Club Special.

Cognizance was taken of the rapid growth at the Seltzer community southeast of Wichita.

Following the meeting, the members of the board and committee were guests of the Wichita Methodist City Union at a luncheon served by one of the ladies' circles of Trinity Church. Following the luncheon a tour of the new churches was conducted by the City Union under the direction of President Ted Mason.

DEADLINES

Together subscriptions in the Kansas Area are growing. A late tabulation reports more than 32,500.

News items for the February issue of TOGETHER must be in the hands of the Conference editors no later than Jan. 23. Since mats or cuts can not be used, send only glossy prints of photographs. Identification of persons or buildings should be written on a separate page accompanying each picture. Please indicate your address if pictures are to be returned.

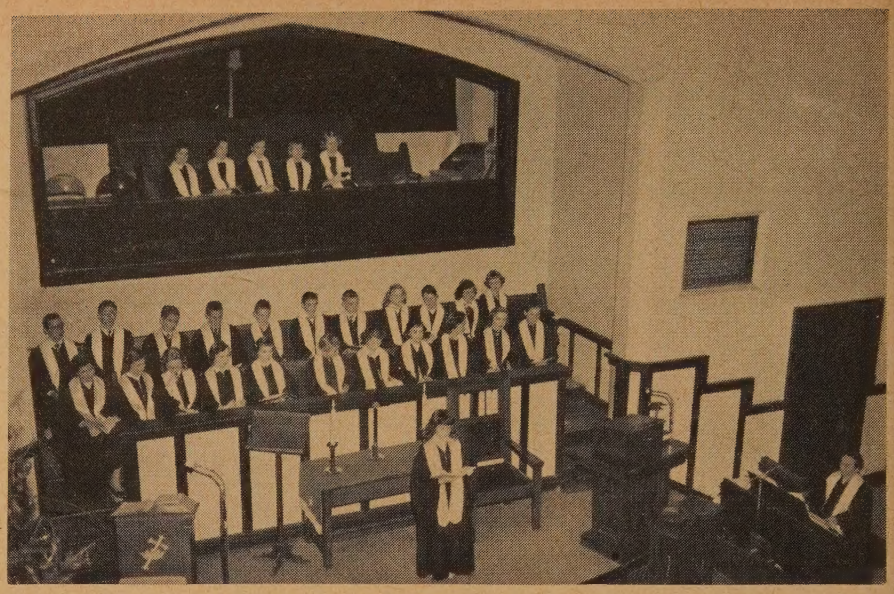
KANSAS

EMPORIA DIST.

Film Describes Carol

• A color film describing the familiar Christmas carol, "Silent Night," was a feature of the recent father-son annual dinner given by Methodist Men of First Church, Emporia. Richard Wagner was song leader, with Phil Keller at the piano.

"The Holy City," Christmas cantata by Gaul, was presented by the sanctuary choir of First Church under leadership of Prof. Rosamond Hirschorn.



Christmas Tree Lighting Service at Quindaro Church, Kansas City, is led by Youth Choir.

• First Church, Emporia, held a unique Christmas worship service with three retired ministers assisting the pastor, the Rev. Clyde Clark. The four men have served in the ministry a total of 173 years. Three of them, the Rev. Robert A. Hunt, the Rev. Ernest F. Buck and the Rev. Frank H. Ebright, are former District Superintendents.

• Louis D. Basset of Osage City, Sam Richardson of Emporia and District Superintendent Ritter were resource leaders at four churchmanship clinics held for leading laymen in the district.

• Early in December, District Superintendent Ritter held five ministerial group meetings to discuss the quadrennial emphasis on the Local Church. Each church is to make its own survey and study weaknesses and strength.

• Elaine Garst, widow of the late J. Gail Garst, and her children, have made their home in Madison.

• Dwight Julian, Ervin P. McKinley, Mary E. Conyers and Joseph Swarting have been granted local preachers' licenses by the District Conference.

• The annual district parsonage families Christmas service was held at Council Grove, Dec. 17, with the Rev. Paul A. Davis of Osage City, preaching. District Superintendent Ritter and the host pastor, the Rev. Merle W. Whitlow, conducted the communion service. The dinner was served by the ladies of the church.

KANSAS CITY DIST.

Conduct County Survey

• Prof. Frederick Shippey of Drew Seminary, is making a study of Methodist churches in Wyandotte County (Kansas City, Kan.).

Purpose of this survey is to give the Methodist Church an overall picture of its work in Kansas City and an idea of future prospects.

The study will show: individual church membership, how the churches compare and how they overlap: the percentage of various age groups among church members and the amount of church support given by the different age groups; ethnic groups in the various churches; population changes in the several sections of the city and how they effect church membership.

So far the survey indicates that only 15 per cent of the Washington Avenue Church membership lives within a mile radius of the church.

• Washington Avenue Church, Kansas City, has adopted the Willy A. Reinhardt family. They are scheduled to arrive from The Netherlands late in February. The Reinhardts have a son who is 18 months old.

• Among church choirs caroling at the Union Station in Kansas City, Mo. on December 18, with the youth choir of Quindaro Church. Various choirs joined in this musical commemoration of Christmas.

• London Heights Church reports progress in several areas. The Couples Class has given to the church, in memory of Bert Cooke, a baby grand piano. The Methodist Men are securing a church parking lot. Melvin Forrest has given special glass to separate the new "Cry Room" from the sanctuary. Two speakers to further facilitate the public address system were donated by Wayne Prince. The Rev. Vernon Becker is pastor.

• The Rev. Max Barnes, pastor of Quayle Memorial Church, Kansas City, was recently elected vice-president of the National Council on Evangelism. He is currently president of the Kansas Conference Board of Evangelism.

• The Rev. Charles Schneeberger, pastor at Lenexa, reports a recent meeting of the Methodist Men, which was of especial interest. The program was provided by three former inmates of the state penitentiary in Lansing, who discussed their activities prior to and since imprisonment.

The men were among many aided by a Civic Guidance Group comprised of Kansas City lawyers, ministers and businessmen.

• On Jan. 15, the London Heights Church held an appreciation dinner for all of its Sunday-school officers, teachers and substitute teachers. The Rev. Clarence Folkins of Lee's Summit Church, Missouri, was the featured speaker. He is a recognized leader in the field of Christian education. The Rev. Vernon W. Becker is pastor.

• The Rev. John Hoon, pastor of Washington Avenue Church reports the dedication of an Estey chapel organ in the primary department of the church school. The organ was given by Mr. and Mrs. Homer Dreier in memory of their son, Ronald Eugene. Mrs. Robert Youmans, superintendent of the primary department, had charge of the dedication service.

• One of the newest churches in the district is now holding two church-school sessions as well as two worship services, reports the Rev. Alfred D. Hager pastor of Asbury Church in Prairie Village, a Kansas City suburb.

• Beginning Feb. 18 and continuing for six consecutive Monday evenings, a leadership training school for Wyandotte subdistrict will be held at the Central Avenue Methodist Church, Kansas City. The Rev. Arthur B. Coole is dean, and the Rev. Earl Perry, assistant dean. The Rev. Vincent Hall will teach a class on "Personal Christian Living." A class on "Methodist Discipline" will be led by the Rev. Melvin Booth. Mrs. G. Russell Fosmire will teach, "The Child's Approach to Religion" and the Rev. John Hoon will develop the theme, "The Book of Revelations For Today."

OTTAWA DIST.

Average 136 at Meet

• Twelve people joined the Eudora Church recently following a two-week evangelistic mission held by the Joseph Brookshire Evangelistic Team of Lexington, Ky. The average attendance at the meetings was 136. Twenty cottage prayer meeting groups were organized. The Rev. David Ellsworth is pastor.

TOPEKA DIST.

Aid Children's Home

• Hiawatha Church WSCS recently contributed $100 to the Methodist Home for children in Newton. Mrs. Roy Levick is the local WSCS president. Mrs. R. C. Finley, of the Hiawatha group, is district WSCS president.

• Prior to the annual Watch Night service at Hiawatha Church, Shirley Hinz entertained the Senior MYF at a New Year's Eve party. The film, "Great Expectations" was shown. Miss Hinz is president of the MYF. The Rev. Hobart Hildyard is pastor.

• Included in "Terry Talk" in the Lowman Memorial Church bulletin, Topeka, was the following statement: "Seldom have I seen such enthusiasm and interest in any church activity as is noticeable around Lowman these days. It is a pressure from God. It is shown by the energy of youth. It is felt by earnestness in a divine task. If the spirit of a congregation is to be kept alive, it is a necessity." The Rev. Lowman E. Terry is pastor of Lowman Memorial Church.

• Dr. D. "Dad" Weber, Dean of Agriculture in Kansas State College, Manhattan, has received the 1956 Distinguished Service Award of the American Agricultural Editors' Association. The award cited his outstanding service to agriculture and rural life. Dr. Weber is regarded as one of the world's leading livestock judges, and is largely responsible for placing the present emphasis on high quality beef cattle.

• Manhattan Church supports two missionaries in Taijon, Korea. They are Dean and Marjorie Schowengerdt, and are connected with the Union Christian Service Center. A recent letter tells of their experience in joining Korean Christians in caroling on Christmas morning. The carolers began at 2:00 a.m. The Rev. J. Walton Cole is pastor of the Manhattan Church.

INDEPENDENCE DIST.

Learn Disciples' Views

"Jesus as Mark—Matthew—Luke—John Saw Him," was the theme of a December series of sermons interpreting the disciples' views of Christ, by the Rev. Arthur O. Ackenbom, pastor of the Caney-Tyro Charge.

THE BISHOP SPEAKS

A Fine Accounting

Dear Friends:

It is not generally known that Kansas Methodism has sent out mere missionaries in the past one hundred years than any other state in the Union. Even today the Kansas Area is well known for its capable and consecrated leaders, both clerical and lay. Following are the names of some of our leaders who have been recognized by the Church at large during the current quadrennium:

The Rev. Eugene M. Frank, elected Bishop; Dr. J. Russell Throckmorton, Judicial Council; Dr. William J. Scarborough, University Senate; Dr. Everett W. Freeman, Board of Pensions; Dr. Armour H. Evans, Board of Hospitals and Homes and S. Grant Jones, Board of Social and Economic Relations.

Mrs. Walter C. Crawford, Board of Education; Dr. Joseph S. Ploughe, Council on World Service and Finance and Dr. Lyman S. Johnson, Commission to Study the Jurisdictional System.

Dr. Harry O. Ritter, Commission on Promotion and Cultivation.

T. Russell Reitz, Co-ordinating Council; Mrs. Harold L. Soulen, Board of Missions; Mrs. Kenneth McGill, Commission on Quadrennial Educational Emphasis; Jess King, General Advance Committee; William A. Bailey, Board of Publication and Dr. S. Walton Cole, Board of Missions.

I am glad the Church at large has given such fine recognition to the Kansas Area and the quality of our leadership.

Sincerely,

DANA DAWSON

—CENTRAL KANSAS—

SALINA DIST.

Welcome Parsonage Baby

• The Rev. Leslie Miller, superintendent of the Salina district announces that the Rev. Howard Crandall, student at Kansas Wesleyan University and supply pastor at Mentor and Mrs. Crandall are the parents of their first child, Debora June, born Dec. 5, 1956.

• The Rev. Dr. E. W. Freeman, retired, of Hutchinson, has been elected president of the Kansas United Dry Forces. At a recent meeting in Topeka the organization sent a message to President Eisenhower recommending that local option territory be increased the group has resolved to support officials and candidates who are committed to the ultimate destruction of the liquor traffic.

WINFIELD DIST.

Six Campus Structures

Southwestern College recently received gifts totaling $30,000 for its endowment fund. From the estate of the late Luella F. Stewart, Wellington, Kans., a contribution of $25,000 was received. An additional $5,000 came from an anonymous donor.

Southwestern's Board of Trustees has voted $1,300,000 to provide for six new campus structures. They include a residence for 120 women, a student center, a dormitory for 70 men and a three-unit residence building with apartments for married students.

Application has been made to the Fed-

eral Housing Authority for a long term loan with self-liquidating provisions. If approval is granted soon, the men's residence may be ready for the 1957 fall opening, announced President Orville Strohl. Plans call for completion of the remaining buildings by autumn of 1958.

• Three juniors at Southwestern College will study at American University in Washington, D. C., during the spring semester of 1957. They are Dale Moody of Denver, Colo., Margaret Heitschmidt of Turon, Kans., and Robert Harms of Wichita. After an intensified program relating to national and international problems at the University, they will return to Southwestern College for their final college year. Southwestern is the only institution in Kansas which co-operates in this program.

WICHITA DIST.

Organize West Heights

• The ninth Methodist church to be established in the Wichita District in five years was organized by District Superintendent Volkland last fall with 22 charter members at the meeting.

The congregation is meeting in a new subdivision located west of the Wichita city limits, north of Central Avenue in the Westlinks area. The Church has adopted the name of West Heights Methodist Church. Membership is growing steadily.

• The Trinity Methodist Church of Wichita under the leadership of the Rev. Joe Riley Burns, pastor, and Ted Mason, president of the Wichita Methodist City Union, has sponsored the new venture. Through the City Union a new residence has been purchased. This building has become the focal center for church activities including worship service.

MISSIONARIES

Eldridge, Hoath Retire

Two Kansas women were among 19 foreign missionaries of the Woman's Division of Christian Service, Methodist Board of Missions, who retired in 1956.

Miss Ruth Hoath of Anthony has concluded her service in Budaun, Moradabad, and Bijnor, India. She had been a missionary since 1915, and was among 16 to retire from service in Asia.

A former missionary teacher and administrator at Centro Cristiana, Chihuahua, Mexico, Miss Emma Eldredge of Barclay, Kan., was commissioned in 1921. She has also served at Colegio Roberts in Saltillo, Mexico, and Colegio Palmore in Chihuahua.

UPPER ROOM

Prints Hungarian Edition

The Upper Room has printed 1,500 extra copies of the January-February issue of its Hungarian edition.

The international devotional guide received a request from Austria for 500 extra copies for Hungarian refugees there. The other 1,000 copies are for Hungarian refugees in the United States and Canada.

Gleanings

• **Reports indicate** that Kansas Wesleyan University will soon launch a campaign to raise $2,000,000 for the university.

• **The Official Board** of the First Methodist Church, Salina, has approved a $1,500 Scholarship Fund for first-year students at Kansas Wesleyan University who are members of that church. An amount of $50 per semester will be available to any student in his first year.

• **One of the outstanding events** of the school year at Southwestern College is "Christmas on the Campus," featuring dormitory decorations, caroling, special chapel services, and get-to-gethers. Ten thousand Christmas greetings went out from the administration this year to pastors, alumni, friends, and student prospects for next year.

• **The Rev. Maurice Culver** has been appointed assistant to the chaplain of industrial relations of the Boston Area. He is working on his doctorate at Boston University. A member of Kansas Conference, Mr. Culver is from Madison.

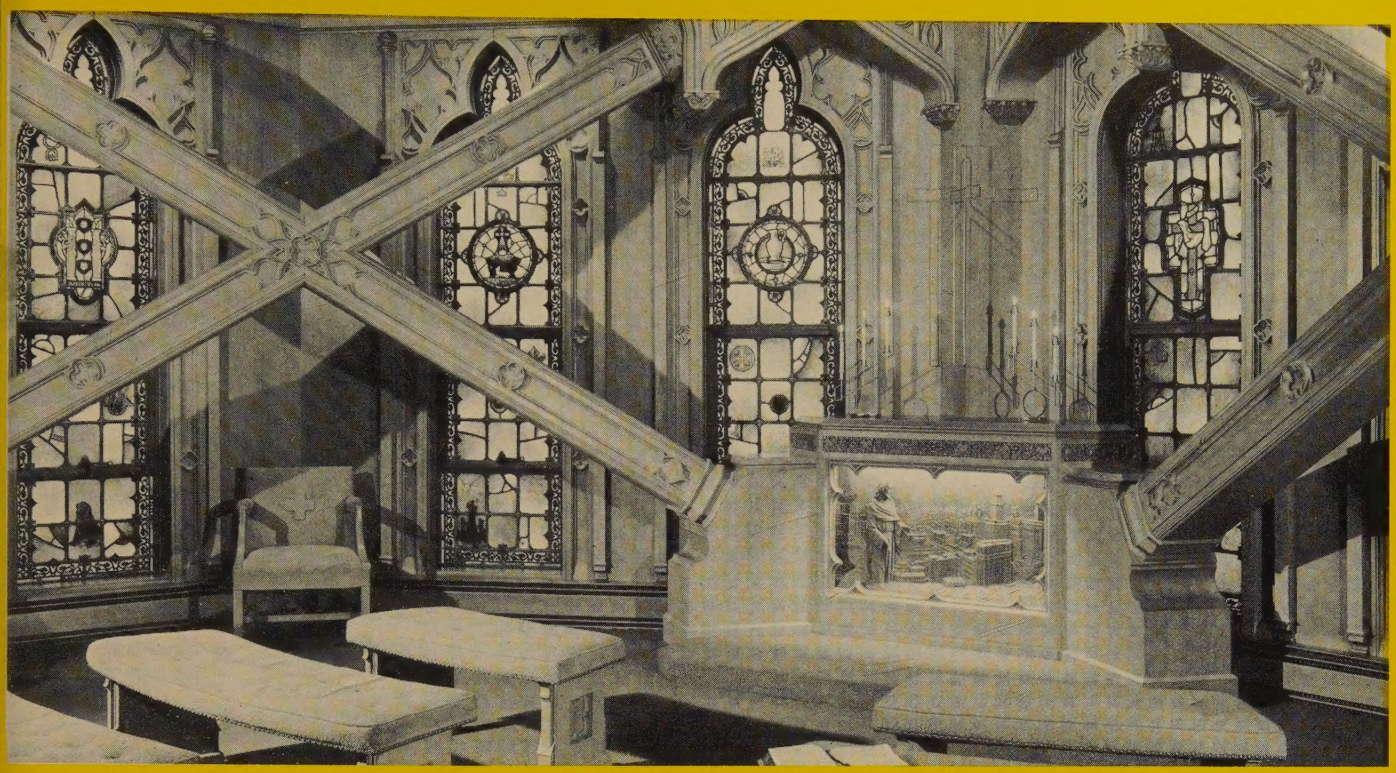
• **District Superintendent Harry O. Ritter** of Emporia performed the marriage service for his son, Harvey Richard (Dick) to Miss Marilyn Todd, formerly of Kansas City. The ceremony was held at Trinity Methodist Church, Denver, Colo., on Nov. 25.

• **The Rev. A. Wylie Lathan,** former pastor of the Sublette Church, became pastor of the Burlington Church on Jan. 1. The pulpit vacancy was caused by the death of the Rev. J. Gail Garst.

• **The new dean** of the Kansas Conference School of Missions is the Rev. Harry O. Ritter. Mrs. Warren Stover Jr. is assistant dean. This school is a project of the Kansas Conference Board of Missions and the Board of Education, in conjunction with the Conference WSCS, and will be held from July 15-21.

• **The Methodist Television, Radio, and Film Commission** recently presented a commendation to radio personality Galen Drake. The Rev. William A. Meadows of Nashville gave Drake the award in cognizance of the promotion of hymn-singing by Drake on his Columbia Broadcasting System programs.

Plans for the 1960 General Conference are already under way. The Commission on Entertainment met recently in New York City to appoint committees and set up some guiding principles to aid the selection of a meeting place for the quadrennial meet.



CHAPEL IN THE SKY: Take the elevator up to the 22nd floor, climb 173 steps and you're there, in one of Methodism's best-known shrines. Chicago was a muddy village in 1839 when the First Methodist Church began at the corner of Clark and Washington Streets. Now it's in the heart of the busy Loop—a bulky business building with a sanctuary and, in the cross-tipped tower (left), the Chapel in the Sky (above). Thanks to the generosity of Mrs. Myrtle Walgreen, a First Church member, ugly steel girders are encased in oak, and stained glass is in the windows. The pastor of First Church—now known as the Chicago Temple—is Charles Ray Goff, who authored the article on page 17.

Stretching before us is an allotment of days known as The New Year. Use these days, we must; each in his own way.

The uncharted future turns two faces toward us: one, smiling with golden promise; the other, a grotesque mask lighted erratically by the flares of man-made woe.

The New Year is an untracked wilderness through which each of us must pass. But no man need go alone. He who has walked with us through the ages stands at our side. When he beckons, we need only follow. He knows the way. He will see us through.

Your Editors

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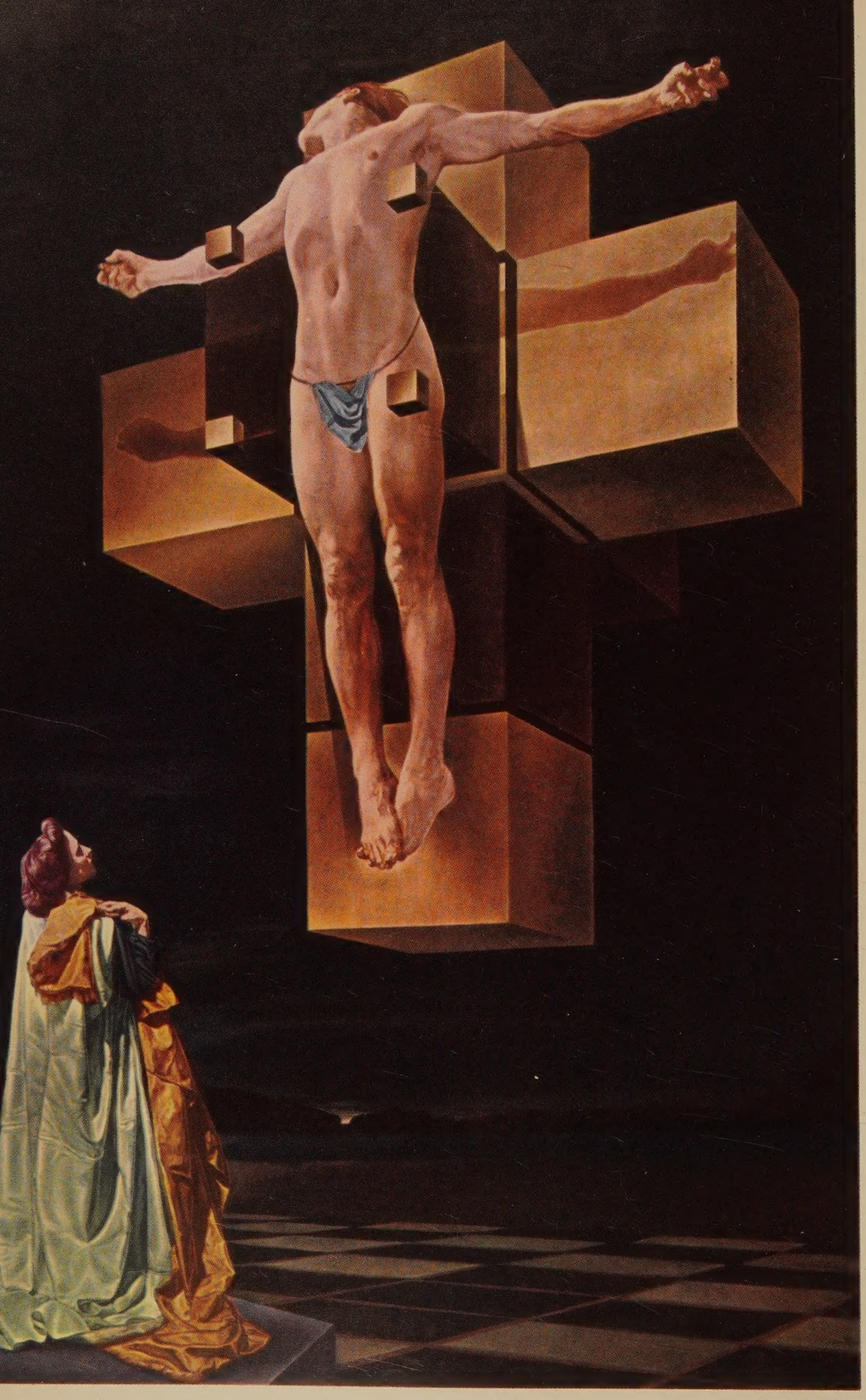
TOGETHER is an official organ of The Methodist Church, issued monthly by The Methodist Publishing House, 740 North Rush St., Chicago 11, Ill. Opinions expressed do not necessarily reflect concurrence of The Methodist Church.

Entered as second-class mailing matter at Post Office in Chicago, Ill., under Act of March 3, 1879; additional entry at Nashville, Tenn. Accepted for mailing at special rate in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized July 5, 1918.

MANUSCRIPTS AND CORRESPONDENCE for publication: Write to Editorial Offices, 740 North Rush St., Chicago 11, Ill. Authors should enclose postage.

SUBSCRIPTION: $3 per year. Write to Business Department, 740 North Rush St., Chicago 11, Ill.

ADVERTISING: For rates write to TOGETHER Magazine Representatives, 454 Wrigley Building, Chicago 11, Ill.



"Crucifixion"
(Corpus Hypercubus
by Salvador Dali,
copyright by
The New York
Graphic Society.
The original canvas
is in the Metropolita
Museum of Art in
New York City.
(See letter
on opposite page.)

Letters

ali and Christian Art

NORMAN L. TROTT, *President*
Westminster Theological Seminary
Westminster, Md.

If possible, won't you round out your presentations of Christ in the October ue with one of Salvador Dali's eat religious paintings?

This Spanish artist, born in 1904, has en a leader of the surrealist school—hose bizarre pictures have so aroused ibilities of the public. But of late, ali has turned to Christian art. And for one, am deeply moved by this w phase of his life and believe it will ark him as one of the great painters all time.

In fact, when our Methodist Seminary Westminster moves to Washington, . C., as part of American University 1958, we hope to persuade Dali to a commission for us.

Dr. Trott's letter reflects the sentiment of others we've received. So on the page opposite we reproduce Dali's full painting "Crucifixion." TOGETHER is unable to supply copies for framing, but they may be purchased through The Methodist Publishing House nearest you. To you whose taste isn't Dali, we suggest turning back to the more conventional portraits of Christ in the October issue.—EDS.

tudents Welcome 'Together'

MRS. EDWARD LLOYD, *Librarian*
Wood Junior College
Mathiston, Miss.

Our college library was delighted to eceive your new TOGETHER as a fulillment on our CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE ubscription. The color plates are uperb. Having a magazine of such igh Christian quality to offer our preominately Methodist students is truly atisfying.

Calling Fa-So-La Singers!

JOEL THOMAS WALKER
Quanah, Tex.

I want you to know that I find in TOGETHER the most thrilling reading I have read in many years. My father, when I was quite a small boy, used to get up and lead in the singing out of the *Christian Harmony* songbook by William Walker at Shiloh Methodist Church in Cass County, 10 miles north of Jefferson, Tex.

When I turned the pages in TOGETHER magazine to pages 22-23-24 and read about the "Buckwheat-Note" or the fa-so-la singing, I just got up and looked up this old book of my father's.

So I would like to know just how far it is to the nearest place to me where they have this singing.

It would be a great pleasure to me to hear from some of the old folks that sing and tell me more about the music, and how they enjoy singing.

Needs Promotion, Too

H. P. DEMAND, *Fund Raiser*
Evanston, Ill.

Congratulations on TOGETHER. It is not only most attractive, but very interesting, and I am sure will attract the attention of the entire family.

It seems to me that even as important as encouraging churches to include subscriptions in their budget is to have them bring to the attention of their congregations some of the special articles. This could be done from the pulpit, bulletin boards, church papers, etc. . . .

Report From Michigan

JOHN E. MARVIN, *Editor*
Adrian, Mich.

Our *Michigan Christian Advocate* board at its regular annual meeting this month at Albion voted to express its commendation to you and your staff for your journalistic excellence in producing TOGETHER.

I take pleasure in conveying to you our board's feelings in this matter and wish you and your staff continued success in a job so well begun.

Story Behind the Stamp

M. A. SCHLESINGER
St. Paul, Minn.

The picture of the Four Chaplains stamp [November, 1956, page 44] has special significance to Methodists because issuance of the stamp was due, in part, to an article that appeared in the *Christian Advocate* in 1945. It dealt with the Chaplain Corps.

I sent this article to a weekly stamp magazine, suggesting a stamp commemorating these chaplain-heroes. As far as I know, this was how the stamp originated.

From a Fifth-Generation Reader

WILBUR VANSANT
President, Advertising Agency
Baltimore, Md.

Please accept my congratulations on TOGETHER . . . a wonderful job. The editorial formula, the format and typography, the material, and the pro-

THE ALL NEW
FULL-POWERED
ZENITH "50-X"
with four transistors
and new sensitivity switch!

All the quality and performance which have made Zenith the world's largest-selling hearing aid are now yours in the new "50-X" for just $50 complete! Only Zenith's 37 years of experience, its vast engineering facilities, and its great Crusade to Lower the Cost of Hearing, make this possible.

The Zenith "50-X" offers a combination of "hear-better" features found in no competitive hearing aid, even those priced at $250 to $300. Four transistors. Sensitivity and Volume Controls. "Float-mounted" Permaphone.® Noise-limiting case. Operates for about 10¢ a week!

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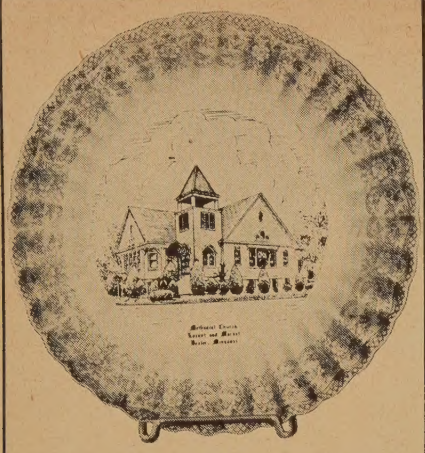

Church Groups Raise Money Easily

Mrs. Harold Nance, wife of the minister of First Methodist Church in Dexter, Missouri, recommends this ideal fund-raising project:

Keepsake Plates

• picturing *your* church

"Everyone is pleased with them. Every home with a plate on the wall or table has a constant reminder of the church always before them." This was written to us by Mrs. Harold Nance, whose picture is shown above with the plate picturing her church and sold by her church group.

We are proud of the many letters we get from friends all over the nation. They tell us that these spiritual keepsakes sell themselves. They are wonderful for anniversaries, dedications, bazaars and to commemorate any special occasion. People like to give them for birthday, wedding and holiday gifts.

A picture of your church (or school or hospital) is permanently fired into the glaze of the plate at intense heat and will never wear off. You have choice of many styles decorated in 23 Kt. Gold.

See for yourself why these are such appealing mementos every church member will want. Write today, at no obligation to you, for full-color catalog, quantity prices, and samples of plates we have made for other churches.

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Direct Prices & Discounts to Churches, Schools, Clubs, Lodges and All Organizations

MONROE DeLuxe Model Folding Pedestal Tables in 20 sizes and finishes; 16 other Monroe Folding Table styles and sizes.

TRUCKS FOR FOLDING TABLES

TS8 Truck

Monroe Transport-Storage (TS) Trucks make handling and storing Folding Tables simple, quick and easy. Special Table and Truck Combination prices and discounts.

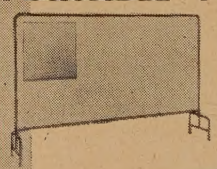
STEEL FOLDING CHAIRS

Monroe Steel Folding Chairs in attractive range of styles, sizes and prices. Excel in comfort, easy handling and durability. Also full line of non-folding chairs, desks and combinations for classroom, cafeteria and church school use.

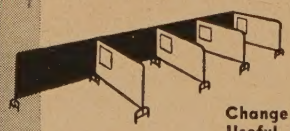
TRUCKS FOR FOLDING CHAIRS

Folding Chair Trucks for moving, handling and storing folding chairs. All steel, electrically welded. Swivel casters. Several models & sizes including special table-and-chair.

PORTABLE PARTITIONS



Monroe's new movable partitions sturdily built and handsome in appearance. Smooth masonite panels in tubular steel frames.



Swivel action pedestals, with casters or glides.

Change idle space to Useful Areas. Unlimited flexibility in space arrangement.

COMPLETE CATALOG ON REQUEST. A guide to everything in tables, chairs, trucks, partitions, etc. Color illustrations. Low direct factory prices, quantity discounts to all groups and institutions.

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motion are all calculated to take TOGETHER to a new high in church publications.

As the fifth generation of VanSants who have been subscribers to the *Christian Advocate*, I am naturally interested to see TOGETHER go far in its coverage and impact on the general church membership.

It is gratifying, indeed, to have such a letter from a fifth-generation reader of the Christian Advocate *(founded 1826).* TOGETHER *is a continuation of the* Advocate*—and cherishes its 130-year tradition of distinguished Methodist journalism.*—EDS.

Sunday Schoolers Okay Donald

MRS. V. N. ELWOOD
Hancock, N. Y.

We are delighted with the October issue of TOGETHER. My Sunday-school class enjoyed hearing *How Donald Learned to Say Okay,* which I read to them this morning.

Grandmother Overlooked

H. CLARKE SCOTT
Alhambra, Calif.

Just received the second issue of TOGETHER and opened to Norman Rockwell's Thanksgiving picture.

This picture might be all right for the *Saturday Evening Post* but not for a religious paper. It sets a very poor example for our Christian youth. Shame on our great Methodist Church for setting such an example. Let us raise the moral tone of our publications instead of aping the world.

We respectfully suggest that the to-be-followed example in the picture is not the incredulous young men, but the grandmother saying grace.—EDS.

Does This Record Stand?

MR. & MRS. J. E. ISTED
Seattle, Wash.

May we offer our sincere congratulations on our new magazine, TOGETHER! . . .

We do, however, want to challenge a statement in the October issue, referring to Dr. Ralph W. Sockman, a wonderful man of God whom we were privileged to hear last year when he was conducting a series of sermons in Seattle. The statement was that he had remained in the same church longer [39 years] than any other minister in Methodism.

We know of one minister in The Methodist Church who served over 50 years in the same church, Dr. George

V. Vallentine of Park Avenue Methdist Church in Minneapolis. He passed way a year or so ago, but we were embers of his church there, having oined in the fall of 1922. He had been here at the time for around 20 years. He was pastor emeritus at the time of is death.

We're Sorry About It, Too

MRS. LEE PAYNE
Pueblo, Colo.

Our church voted to put TOGETHER in each home of our congregation to be sure we become acquainted with our new magazine. The favorable comment has been most gratifying.

The only complaint I have is the late arrival in the month. The November issue arrived at our house the day after Thanksgiving.

Yes, some subscribers have received copies late. But the clacking, whirring machines that make address plates are working overtime, and we hope soon to catch up with orders. Circulation Dec. 15 was 775,000.—EDS.

November Mallards

M. A. MILLER
Union College
Barbourville, Ky.

My November issue of TOGETHER arrived . . . but I did not recognize it at first. I thought the mail carrier had mistakenly delivered my neighbor's copy of *Field and Stream* or *Outdoor Life* to my door. I am sure Mr. Jones has produced a very fine water color, but in all sincerity I do not think it is appropriate for the type of magazine that TOGETHER should be. . . .

Another reader tells us the picture of the migrating mallards reminds him of William Cullen Bryant's To a Waterfowl *which closes with:*

He who, from zone to zone,
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone,
Will lead my steps aright.

"Thank you for refreshing my insight into God's goodness," he adds.—EDS.

Morality . . . Even to Death

CHARLES A. WOODWORTH, *Pastor*
Oak Hill Methodist Church
Oak Hill, N. Y.

Mr. Albin Johnson, in the November TOGETHER [*Ban Big-Scale Atomic Bomb Tests?*] rules out "pious hopes of what [the world] should be" as a basis for looking at the H-bomb problem. "To assure the liberties and rights that make life worth while," we must

Nelson's Concordance of the RSVB to be published next month

Special PRE-PUBLICATION PRICE
only $15 . . . if you order now

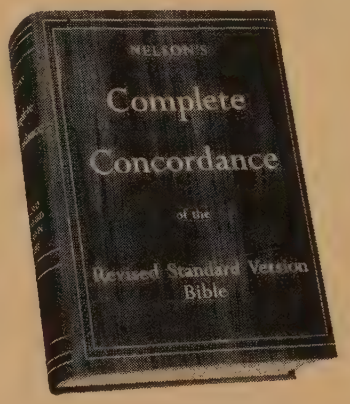
In February, Nelson's Complete Concordance of the Revised Standard Version Bible will be available to all who wish greater knowledge of God's Word. A companion volume to the RSVB which enables you to locate all references to any of the key words in the Bible, the Concordance will contain over 300,000 contexts.

Because so many words in the RSVB do not appear in other Bible versions, it is not practical—sometimes not even possible—to use any other Concordance with the Revised Standard Version Bible. For example: the words "abandon" and "abate" both appear in the RSVB but not in the King James. There are hundreds of other similar instances.

All Bible readers will find this Concordance the key to the Bible. Clergymen will find it invaluable for locating quotations and preparing sermons. Seminarians will need it for their studies. Students will want it for reference. Sunday-school teachers and Christian educators will find it saves many hours in preparing lessons.

Under each word in this Concordance is a chapter and verse reference for the passage in which it appears, and a few words from the passage itself. For example:

ABANDON
he will again a. them in the Num 32.15
The LORD will not a. him to his Ps 37.33
he will not a. his heritage; 94.14



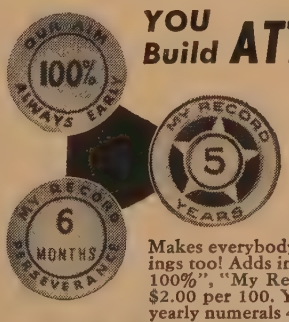
page size: 8" x 10½" 1,900 pages

You can obtain a copy of Nelson's Complete Concordance at the pre-publication price of **$15** for the buckram edition if you order quickly. Comes with two-color jacket. After Feb. 1 price will be $16.50.

Black genuine cowhide edition: Boxed, gold page edges. Available in May. **$25.** Will be $27.50 if ordered after Feb. 1.

• Have your denominational house or book store reserve a copy of the Concordance for you today. Also ask to see these two beautiful editions of the RSV Bible: Maroon buckram, **$6.** Genuine leather, **$10.**

THOMAS NELSON & SONS
publishers of The Revised Standard Version Bible



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Everybody Present Every Sunday

Makes everybody punctual—proud of their record—increases offerings too! Adds interest and improves scholarship. Pins: "Our Aim—100%", "My Record—3 Months", "—6 Months", "—9 Months", $2.00 per 100. Yearly pin with numeral $1.15 ea., interchangeable yearly numerals 45¢ ea.

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Leslie D. Weatherhead

A book of help for those suffering from tensions and worry. Dr. Weatherhead offers the Christian faith—complete trust in God—as the means of overcoming anxiety, and explains its tremendous curative power. Sane, tender, sympathetic counsel. **$2.50**

CONSIDER HIM

Olive Wyon

Three meditations intended to turn thoughts away from self and toward Christ—to lead from thought into prayer. The subject is the Passion Story—Christ in the Upper Room, in Gethsemane, on the Cross. An introduction and acts of worship complete the book. **$1**

A SIMPLE GUIDE TO PRAYER

John Underwood Stephens

The meaning and technique of true prayer are here explored in depth—reverently, yet without sentimentality or "piousness." A practical, deeply devotional book designed to aid those who would begin to pray, or who would enlarge a limited experience of prayer. **$2**

Abingdon Press

order from your bookstore

be realistically strong, for "in any global clash of tomorrow, no holds will be barred, no rules will be observed, no type of weapons will be banned, if their use gives assurance of advantage. . . ."

Such realism suggests that we would abandon our moral position to preserve liberties and rights. Do not the liberties and rights that we would preserve fall with the very abandonment of our moral position?

Consider Norman Cousins' editorial statement: "If we would really discover our greatest strength, we can take a moral position which says that we would rather die ourselves from a weapon which smashes at the nature of man than to use it on others. . . ."

Bombs and the Bible

Mrs. Jesse Newbrough
San Angelo, Tex.

I wish to express my appreciation for the article, *Ban Big-Scale Atomic Bomb Tests?,* by Charles A. Coulson in the November issue.

Not only does Mr. Coulson express the truly Christian viewpoint, but he also gives a clear and concise account of the dangers to which humanity is exposed by nuclear testings.

A firm believer in the teachings of Jesus as expressed in the Sermon on the Mount, in Matthew 5, 6, and 7, I find that I, as a Christian, must reject all forms of violence, including legalized warfare, as a crime not only against humanity, but, more seriously, as a crime against God.

Memo: Sunday-School Teachers

C. G. Manning
Rollins, Mont.

Greetings from my retreat on the shores of Flathead Lake in Montana!

I have read from cover to cover the first issue of Together, and I have used it in a class of junior and senior high-school youngsters whom I teach each Sunday at our little chapel in Lakeside, Mont.

The series of pictures on *How Did Jesus Really Look?* and Dr. Sockman's *What My Religion Means to Me* are excellent. Will the pictures be made available free from the magazine so they can be used on the bulletin board and for visual aid in teaching? All of the teachers in our Sunday schools should have Together as one of the teaching helps.

Sorry! The portfolio of portraits of Christ in the October issue of Together *is available in the magazine only.*—Eds.

A 'Youth's Companion' Reminder

Virginia Andrew
Steamboat Springs, Colo.

I think the new Together is wonderful. I have never seen a magazine which so filled a family's need since the days of the *Youth's Companion* nearly four decades ago.

Commitment—Abstinence

Caradine R. Hooton
General Secretary
Methodist Board of Temperance
Washington, D. C.

I want to thank you for including in the November Together the fine article on Tom Shipp's work in Dallas with alcoholics. Members of our staff are also grateful for the brief article on page 72 referring to Commitment Day.

The Methodist concept of abstinence means far more than "teetotaling," however. And Commitment Day is not "set by the Board of Temperance as a commitment to abstinence."

This observance and date were fixed by overwhelming action of the General Conference as one of those days to be promoted on a church-wide basis without offering. Commitment Day is not any longer the project of one board, but now has become a concern of the total church.

Did It Start in Virginia?

Robert Bayard Proctor, *Pastor*
Providence Methodist Church
Dare, Va.

In the current issue of Together there appears this statement on page 39 under the title, *New England Where It Started:* "The first Thanksgiving in America was set aside by Governor William Bradford for feasting, sermons, and prayers." Apropos of this, I submit for your consideration a news item which appeared in a Virginia newspaper on Nov. 17, this year:

> Descendants of Capt. John Woodleefe, maintaining the first Thanksgiving was not celebrated at Plymouth Colony, will observe the holiday next Thursday at Berkley Plantation near here [Richmond].
>
> Ceremonies will be held overlooking the James River at the spot Woodleefe tied up his 45-ton ship Margaret 382 days before the first Pilgrim put his foot on Plymouth Rock.
>
> Woodleefe had instructions dated Sept. 4, 1619, which said:
>
> "Imper, wee ordaine that the day our ships arrivall at the place assigned for plantation in the land of Virginia shall be yearly and perpetually kept holy as a day of Thanksgiving to Almighty God."
>
> And so, Woodleefe's descendants say the first Thanksgiving was really celebrated in the new world by Capt. Woodleefe on Dec. 9, 1619—almost a full two years before the Pilgrims got the idea.

Together / NEWSLETTER

SERIES OF DISASTROUS CHURCH FIRES in Trenton, N.J., all started by a 40-year-old bachelor described as disgruntled at the church, caused damage to the First Methodist Church and State Street Methodist Church. Historic First Church, established by Francis Asbury in 1772, estimated its loss at $200,000. Dr. J. Stanley Wagg, pastor, managed to save most church records and the original pewter communion cups minutes before the roof caved in.

THE OLD TESTAMENT will require extensive revision as a result of information coming to light in the Dead Sea Scrolls, predicts Dr. J. Philip Hyatt, president of the Bible Literature Society and acting dean of the Vanderbilt University Divinity School, Nashville, Tenn.

SUNDAY SALE OF AUTOMOBILES has been outlawed in New Jersey by a 6-0 decision of the State Supreme Court. A lower court held the ban unconstitutional.

THE BOARD OF MISSIONS had a record income of $23,533,296 in fiscal 1956. Reports from the annual meeting (Jan. 15-18) at Buck Hill Falls, Pa., indicate the total, from all sources, exceeds the previous year by more than $235,000. Disbursements were allocated 50 per cent to world missions; 38 per cent, home missions; 12 per cent, administration and other expenses.

A STATEMENT URGING PRACTICAL STEPS toward racial integration has been suggested as a standard of accreditation for Methodist colleges and universities. The proposal came from 22 executive secretaries of annual conference boards of education.

MINNESOTA METHODIST YOUNG PEOPLE—13,000 of them—have kicked off a highway safety crusade based on their Christian concept of "letting the other fellow go first." They will distribute car stickers to youth groups and ask members to pledge safe and courteous driving.

A BILL PROVIDING STATE SCHOLARSHIPS for students at church-affiliated schools is being drafted for the Nebraska legislature by State Sen. Mervin Bedford, a Methodist layman. The legislation seeks $500,000 to be split up among 3,500 students. Methodists have one college in the state: Nebraska Wesleyan, Lincoln (enrollment, 924).

(For More Church News See Page 65.)

Proud and Happy in Old Age

because of an American Bible Society Annuity!

There are no prouder and happier people among America's elder citizens than those who enjoy a regular guaranteed income from the American Bible Society Annuity Plan.

A Plan For Living Longer

They are so happy in their independence, so free from worry, most actually live longer than people without annuity incomes. Official records prove this beyond question.

The Greatest Satisfaction

Purchase of an American Bible Society Annuity Agreement also helps support the work of the Society in supplying Bibles to the peoples of the world in their own tongues. It is never-ending work that meets the never-ending need for Christian love.

AN INCOME ASSURED

Send Coupon Today!

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Please send me, without obligation, your booklet T-71 entitled "A Gift That Lives."

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You Can Found a College

One hundred and eleven years ago, the Methodist Church founded the third women's college in the nation at Jacksonville, Illinois.

Ever since, MacMurray College for Women has not only offered an outstanding and fully accredited education, but has been a college genuinely concerned with each individual student's Christian growth, both in class and out. It has become a greatly respected national institution, ranking in the top five colleges for women, according to a recent Ford Foundation study. This year MacMurray has students from 36 states as well as foreign countries.

New MacMurray College for Men to join MacMurray College for Women

Now, a companion college is to be established: MacMurray College for Men . . . a coordinate college (rather than co-educational) so that students will have the benefits of independent development yet enjoy the social advantages of co-education.

Each college will have its own dean, its own student government, its own campus area and campus life. MacMurray men can, after the sophomore year, take courses at the College for Women, and women can take courses at the College for Men.

This new Methodist college will both assist our country in educating each year's growing waves of high school graduates . . . and help maintain the balance between church college and state institutions.

It will carry the lessons and morality of the church to a larger part of our growing society.

1,000 Founders needed now

The die is cast. The Men's College will open its doors to students in September of 1957, and by the end of the year $2,000,000 in cash or pledges will be needed for the most urgently required new buildings—a dormitory, a Science Hall, a Field House.

Those who contribute or pledge—now—a thousand dollars or more will be known as Founders of this new college. Their names will be honored on a bronze plaque in the new science building. Or you may designate another as a Founder of this great Christian living memorial. Founders will be informed and consulted, over the years, on the College's progress.

Most important, they will be serving their church and their country . . . by founding a new college for a new day.

Let's do this TOGETHER!

To make your pledge . . . or to get further details . . . send this coupon now.

MacMurray College for Men • Jacksonville, Illinois

Desiring to become a Founder of MacMurray College for Men, I subscribe the indicated sum, payable as follows:

- ☐ Check for $1,000 or more enclosed, or
- ☐ $250 per year, for four years, beginning _____ Date
- ☐ $20.84 per month, for 48 months, beginning _____ Date
- ☐ Please send representative of college.

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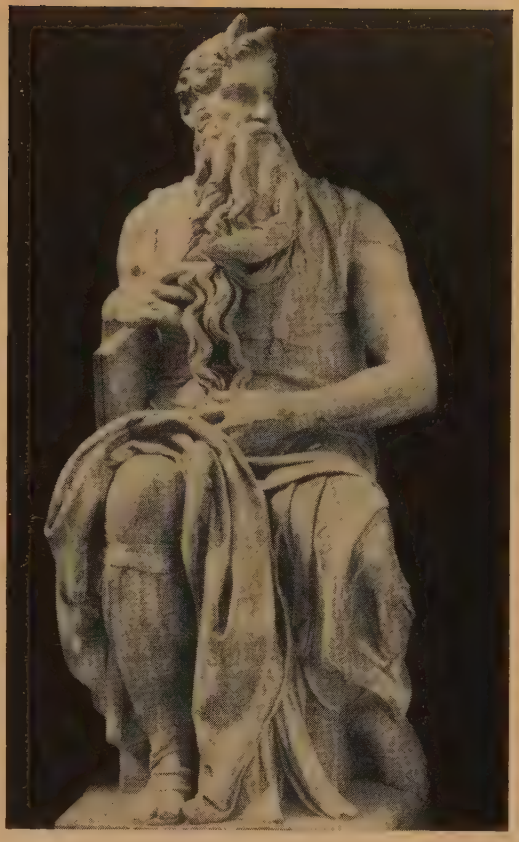
Gift payments are tax deductible in the manner and to the extent provided by law. Make checks payable to MacMurray College for Men.

✝ *Personal Testimony*

How I Pray

BY ROY L. SMITH



The author sees God "something like" this statue of Moses by Michelangelo.

HOW ANY man prays depends entirely upon his concept of God. If he believes in a God of wrath and caprice, his prayers will be a combination of fear and flattery; if he believes in a God of love and mercy—such as Jesus described—his prayers will be expressions of faith and confidence.

Many years ago, in the course of a visit to the Art Institute of Chicago, I came upon an enormous replica of Michelangelo's Moses. Its heroic size, the spirit of majesty which pervaded it, and the impression of power it conveyed left a profound impact on my mind. It is not that I pray to a massive Moses, but that I pray to a God who is something like that.

It gives me a vast sense of security to feel that the God to whom I pray is so completely powerful that no emergency can upset him. Not even the power of evil is sufficient to defeat him, though it may delay him at times. Until my God is put to rout, I need never fear. And Michelangelo's Moses suggests a God who *is* invincible.

My study of Jesus' teachings encourages me to believe that God can be approached exactly as I approached my father. He was a fair and just man who seemed to have an almost uncanny way of knowing a boy's mind and understanding a boy's mistakes. I never had to explain anything to him; he made me think he believed in me before I even tried to defend myself. His love for me made any defense unnecessary. And I now pray as if God were that kind of father. Jesus assures me I have the right to do exactly that. "Like as a father . . ." In God's presence I find that I am often ashamed, but never am I afraid.

With these two concepts in mind, I find myself praying positively. My heavenly Father knows my needs and is eager to supply them. He is as eager to rescue me from my mistakes as I am anxious to escape from them. I never feel that it is necessary for me to persuade him to love me; my prayers become assertions of complete trust and confidence.

It is true, of course, that God sometimes keeps me waiting. I am sure this is as disappointing to him as it is to me. One day I discovered that in keeping God waiting I had made it impossible for him to answer one of my loved ones promptly. I know now that when I hold out against him I am making it difficult for him to assist someone else. My very first appeal, therefore, is that God may make plain to me the part he wants me to play.

I have discovered that the first 10 minutes of wakefulness in the morning and the last 10 minutes before sleep at night are my most productive prayer periods. In the morning I begin with the psalmist's prayer, "This is the day the Lord has made." And then ask, "Lord, what do you have planned for me today?" At night I pray, "Lord, here's my day. It is not all I wanted it to be, but I'm handing it back as it is. It is far from perfect, but so also am I. But you know I have tried. And because you are my heavenly Father I know you will accept it just as my own father accepted my imperfect efforts in spite of their imperfections."

Not long after that I am sleeping in peace.

"He patrolled a beat, and he knew just about everyone who lived on that beat. If young Johnny started hanging around pool halls, the officer knew about it."

Erle Stanley Gardner on:

The Case of the Missing Morals

A FEW MONTHS ago I was in the barred cell of a city prison. A few feet away from me sat a rather dazed, hopelessly dejected young man in his early twenties who was facing an almost inevitable term in San Quentin prison.

This young man was married and had children. He had a fair education. He was reputed to be a good worker. He had been reasonably temperate in his habits. However, a swift turn of the wheel of fortune had left him out of a job, virtually penniless and desperate. He had turned to crime as an easy way to raise money. Twice he got away with it, securing relatively small amounts of money, and making good his escape. The third time he was apprehended.

The young man was quite miserable when I interviewed him. I was trying to find out what had really caused him to turn to a career of crime, and he was trying to help me. He, himself, didn't really know. He was willing to co-operate to the extent of searching his past life, his training, his habits of thinking, his general background, in order to find out where he had gone wrong.

I mention him because of a comment which he made after a long period of silence. He looked up and said: "Mr. Gardner, I wish that when I had been given an education, someone had put a little more emphasis on teaching me the difference between right and wrong."

Unfortunately this young man isn't typical of the juvenile criminal of today. His was and is an exceptional case.

Altogether too frequently the modern juvenile criminal is a strange combination of mental immaturity, viciousness, and swagger. Our civilization is producing a constantly increasing number of these young law breakers. Almost every law enforcement officer that I know is alarmed by the situation. Some are completely appalled by it. Something is missing today in the moral complement of a large percentage of our boys, and unfortunately an alarm-

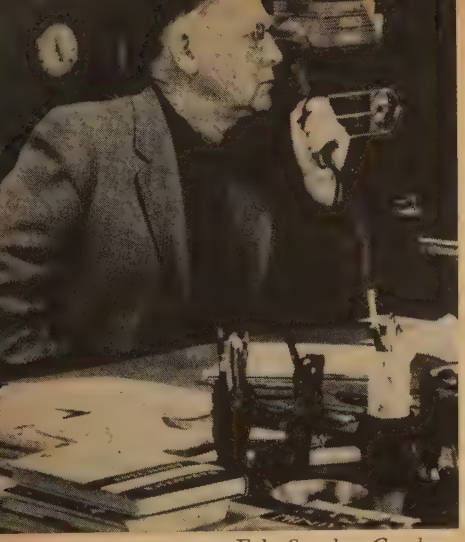
Illustrated by JACK WHITE

gly large percentage of our girls.
What is it that is missing?
Basically it is a sense of real moral sponsibility.
Why is it missing? Is it their fault, it our fault, or is it the fault of an vironment which has changed too pidly for society to keep abreast the situation?
It may be well to consider cer- in factors which may give us a ue.
During the past few years our ideas in regard to education have undergone a complete change. Formerly the restraints of discipline were imposed from without. The child faced discipline by parents, discipline by teachers at school, and to a very considerable extent discipline by law.

Today much of this discipline has been removed.

A couple of generations ago, the police officer was a foot soldier. He patroled a beat, and he knew just about everyone who lived on that beat. If young Johnny Doe started hanging around pool halls, the officer knew about it. He knew about it in time to speak to Johnny Doe, to speak to Johnny Doe's parents. In those days Johnny Doe's father was working, but his mother was pretty apt to be at home, making that home a spiritual headquarters as well as a physical shelter.

Then came the extreme mobility of a motorized age. Crooks were able to use automobiles in commit-



Erle Stanley Gardner

He Champions the Underdog

A CHINESE workman in Oxnard, Calif., charged with a crime he did not commit, had no money with which to hire a defense lawyer. He approached one of his elders for advice.

"You go see Mr. Erle Stanley Gardner," the elder said. "He help!"

Cases of the impoverished, friendless, sometimes illiterate, came often to Gardner in Oxnard about 30 years ago, long before he became the world's best-selling mystery writer and prime mover of "The Court of Last Resort." Today Gardner devotes an increasing amount of time to the Court, joining with criminologists to investigate cases of men wrongfully convicted. As a result, a number of innocent men have been freed from the nation's prisons.

In addition to fiction, Gardner writes many factual articles on the problems of law enforcement, making no charge for the latter. *The Case of the Missing Morals,* written especially for TOGETHER, is such an article.

The author-lawyer is a chunky, aggressive man in his 60s, who retains the light step of the boxer and the hearty handshake of the outdoorsman.

Born in Malden, Mass., he moved west as a youth, mastered law by working in a law office and studying law books at night, was admitted to the bar in 1911, and wrote his first story in 1920. All editors, it is said, like him "because he is reliable, we know he isn't a prima donna, and he never misses a deadline."

Gardner's first Perry Mason mysteries appeared in 1933.

ting crimes and make a quick getaway. The law countered by putting the officer on the beat in a prowl car, and installing a two-way radio system of communication. That enabled the law enforcement authorities to police larger areas with fewer men. But unfortunately crime was increasing faster than society could increase its protective measures.

Nowadays after a crime has been committed and a report telephoned to the police, it is nothing unusual to have a police car on the scene within a matter of seconds. Unfortunately, however, the protective influence of the officer on the beat has been sacrificed to this goal of increased mobility.

These squad cars cover large areas, and the officers in them are pretty apt to be strangers to the young Johnny Does whom they pass on the street.

At about the time the officer on the beat was being superseded by the radio prowl car, a new idea began to manifest itself in education. Educators felt that discipline had a tendency to stifle individuality. The old disciplinary restraints were thrown out of the window. Children were permitted to do as they pleased. In that way they "developed their individualities."

At about this time people began to want more things from government. They also wanted more things for themselves. They wanted washing machines and radios in the house and at least one automobile in the garage. Those things cost money. They also wanted more governmental protection. They wanted workmen's compensation, unemployment insurance, better roads, bigger schools. They were faced with the grim necessity of supplying better military protection for the country generally. All of those things cost money.

The cost of living was going up. Taxes were going up. The father of the modern Johnny Doe couldn't make enough money to give the family everything that was needed. But the mother of the modern Johnny Doe was a very smart, very trim, young matron, who found she could get a job and supplement the family earnings. So Johnny Doe's mother went to work. And after school, and prior to the time Johnny Doe's mother returned from the office, n one knew too much about wha Johnny Doe was doing.

Moreover, with this new educa tional idea about removing disc plinary restraints in order to encou age self-development, the idea of stern family discipline suddenly be came obsolete.

What took its place? Unfortunate ly nothing took its place.

It should be perfectly axiomati that, if we remove external disci pline, we must take steps to replac it by inculcating the idea of self discipline.

The schools which were so inten on letting children develop thei characters by removing disciplinary restraints seemed to overlook thi fact. And so no one took sufficien time to teach the children anything about the importance of self discipline.

So here and there children wh had been freed of external disci pline, who hadn't learned the neces sity of disciplining themselves, began to consider it smart to violate the rules of group discipline which so ciety had enacted for itself and which are generally described as "laws." These children speedily at tracted a following and soon we had juvenile gangs. Young toughs who swaggered through the problems of adolescence became leaders, and other children began to look up to them.

Soon we found a whole new false concept of moral standards entering the picture. It became "smart" to be tough. It was "smart" to belong to a gang. It is a deadly disgrace to be "chicken."

In short, the missing ingredient of our civilization so far as the youngster of today is concerned is an over-all appreciation of morals.

In far too many instances youngsters who might otherwise become good citizens have thrown away their moral concept of life and are pursuing false standards.

What are we going to do with these juvenile delinquents?

The idea of the law is that they must be punished. While we were revising our concept of school discipline we didn't do anything about our legal standards. The laws on our statute books still provide for punishment as a crime deterrent. The

sic idea is that the threat of punhment will deter people from comitting crime.

So our courts are becoming flooded with cases where youngsters who ave had outside discipline removed om the curriculum of life—who ave been given no concept of self-iscipline to take its place—have in afoul of the law and are up efore judges for "punishment."

The sheer volume of these cases such that the judges simply can't pply "punishment." So the young venile is "paroled to the custody f his parents."

What does this really mean?

In far too large a percentage of ses it means that the young deinquent is returned to the very enironment which had proved so inffective in the first place!

So then what happens?

All too often the juvenile delinuent swaggers on into more serious rimes, soon developing a sadistic ust for beating, for crippling, for naiming and for raping.

Once the emotional patterns of a oung man's life have become dedited to these false gods, there is not ery much that can be done for him. After that, it is not a question of what society can do *for* him but what society must do *to* him. He is ncarcerated in state prison, and after hat he is on the road to becoming a icious, depraved criminal.

Some of the results are appalling. A few months ago an airliner earing some forty-four people was blasted down from the skies and ragedy descended upon homes hroughout the nation. Forty-four wisted, crumpled bodies lay scattered about the terrain and investigating officers soon announced that his great air tragedy had been caused by a dynamite bomb deliberately planted aboard the ship by juvenile delinquent who wanted o collect insurance by killing his own mother.

That is a startling exclamation oint with which we can punctuate some of our thinking about modern juvenile delinquency. It not only shows the seriousness of the problem, but it shows the unfortunate fallacy of thinking that punishment can serve to rehabilitate a character that has become morally delinquent. Punishment isn't the answer.

As I see it, there is only one answer, and that is to keep these children from worshiping the false gods of brutality, viciousness, and violence.

Society has permitted these children to grow up without a proper appreciation of moral values, and we are going to have to remedy that one fundamental before we make any great progress in battling juvenile delinquency.

And so I am irresistibly brought back to the words which I first heard from the lips of this despondent, dejected young man in the barred confines of a small cell in a city jail: "I wish that when I had been given an education, someone had put a little more emphasis on teaching me the difference between right and wrong."

Let us concede that this young man was perhaps rationalizing, that he was groping for some excuse by which he could absolve himself from the responsibility of the things he had done. The fact still remains that he uttered words which are filled with truth and logic.

Let's start teaching our youngsters the difference between right and wrong.

And in order to do that we're going to have to adopt a positive approach. We're going to have to show *right* for what it really is. We're going to have to show it as the goal of achievement, the thing for which man is struggling as he goes through life.

As we get older we realize that the purpose back of this conscious existence is to live a life which will make of each man and woman a human entry on the credit side of life's ledger.

We need to pass this understanding on to our children, but before we can do that we ourselves must have a clear concept of it.

What this country needs is a real moral awakening. Our children are a lot smarter than we think.

It is time that we ceased to regard this juvenile delinquency as an isolated phenomenon. It is a by-product of our national way of life. It is a part of the group responsibility which you and I share.

The case of the missing morals is not a mystery story. It bids fair to become a national tragedy.

getting along Together

I often remember the fall I went into the city park after an unsuccessful job hunt. In a mood of black despair I sank onto a bench.

"Lovely day," said a serene voice. A white-haired man was sitting, smiling in my direction. A dog lay at his side. "The air breathes so clean this time of year," the man observed.

As he continued to talk, my worries were replaced by a realization of the many things I could be grateful for. At length I rose to leave, happy and refreshed, then saw a harness about the dog's shoulders.

The man was blind.

—George Mally, *Chicago, Ill.*

It happened in a small-town drugstore in Wyoming. We were surprised to find the usually quiet place teeming with children. At the center of the group sat a wiry old man in blue jeans, flannel shirt, and tattered Western hat.

"I'm just a sheepherder having myself a time," he explained happily. "Used to come to town and get drunk, but found I get a bigger kick out of buying the kids all the ice cream they can eat."

—Jean F. Roath, *Lovington, N. M.*

One morning I happened on Mrs. Marsh, a lonely widow who lives in a mid-city hotel. "I meet a nice man here every morning," she told me, "who brings me a rose from his own flower garden."

As she spoke, a man approached with a richly colored peace rose. The old woman's eyes were warm with happiness as she reached to take the flower he offered.

As we walked away together the man explained sheepishly, "I don't really have a garden. I buy a rose every morning and giving it to her makes me happy all day long."

—Harry Horner, *New York City*

This column is for true tales of little deeds that illuminate the art of living. Let's have yours. If it's used, you'll soon receive a $5 check.—Eds.

JANE ADDAMS

HERBERT HOOVER often asked for her advice; Woodrow Wilson told her he was "strengthened" by her aid; Theodore Roosevelt named her "America's most useful citizen." Cities, nations, great universities bestowed on her their highest accolades, including the Nobel Prize for Peace. Despite these honors she chose to live in the slums, and one of the proudest moments in her long life was when she was appointed garbage inspector for the city of Chicago.

Her name was Jane Addams. Her home was Hull House, America's pioneer social settlement, which she founded in Chicago's west-side slums. Here for nearly half a century she strove against injustice and unkindness, against dirt and disease, against greed and dishonesty in public office, against intolerance, bigotry, ignorance, and war.

She pointed out the economic and ethical need for slum clearance two generations before any city in the land took the matter seriously. She launched a public-health campaign almost single-handed, before 1900, to clean up filthy bakeries and butcher shops. She organized one of the earliest campaigns against juvenile delinquency. She "marched" for votes for women. In a cab on the way to the Bull Moose convention in 1912 she convinced Theodore Roosevelt that equal suffrage must be a plank in his party's platform. She dedicated her most strenuous effort of all to the outlawry of war.

Hull House still stands today, a beacon of decency in Chicago's drab West Side. Walter Lippmann has called it a "cathedral of compassion." Twenty-two years after her death, the work she started there still goes on.

Born in 1860 in the hamlet of Cedarville, Illinois, near the Wisconsin border, Jane Addams from infancy suffered from a slight curvature of the spine that twisted her head to one side and in her youth, before it was corrected by an operation, gave her a strange, pigeon-toed gait. Perhaps it was this that made her introspective and sympathetic with unfortunate folk. When she was six, she rode in the family carriage through mean back streets of Freeport, the county seat, and for the first time saw the dwellings of the poor. Disturbed, she told her stepmother that some day she would build a big, fine house in a poor neighborhood "and invite the people in." Twenty-three years later she did just that.

Graduated from Rockford Female Seminary in 1881, she entered an eastern medical school, but after six months her health broke and she returned home. A long illness followed; in its course an operation partly straightened her twisted spine.

At 23 she went to Europe to round out her education. In London she visited the slums of Whitechapel, and the memory haunted her. Later, with a college friend, Ellen Gates Starr, she returned to Whitechapel to visit the world's first social settlement, Toynbee Hall, then just four years old.

Stirred by what she saw, Jane Addams rushed back to Chicago to set up a similar establishment. For five months in 1889 she walked slum streets, hunting the spot which most needed the "big house" of her childhood dream.

At Polk and Halsted Streets, surrounded by dirty, overcrowded shacks, stood a once-fine mansion built in 1856 by a man named Hull. The ramshackle area was now teeming with the poorest of the poor: newly arrived Italians and Greeks, German, Russian, and Polish immigrants. The streets were deep with mud; water was piped into few houses; three or four families shared a spigot in the yard. There were only three bathtubs for the jam-packed thousands in a radius of a third of a mile. Sewage was sketchy, garbage rarely collected; a frightful stench pervaded the area. This, Jane Addams decided, was the place for her.

The old brick house had fallen on evil days. Flanked by a saloon and a livery stable, its first floor was a warehouse, the second floor a warren of dirty, one-room tenements. Miss Addams leased part of the first floor and all of the second, bought soap, lye, disinfectants, scouring brushes, and moved in with her friend Miss Starr. For weeks they scrubbed. Then they opened the doors. Later the Hull estate turned over to Miss Addams not only the old house but all the surrounding block on which today's expanded Hull House stands.

The term "social worker" had not

vercoming smug indifference, this oneering social worker brought new hope Chicago's wretched slums.

# of HULL HOUSE

By KARL DETZER

t been coined. No university offered a course in sociology. Miss ddams, the leader, and Miss Starr, e willing follower, were crossing frontier with no map to guide em. Before they were finished they d charted the course now pursued social workers the world over.

Babies, dying by hundreds because dirt, ignorance and malnutrition, ere their first concern. They invited others to bring their babies in for ths, and they went out to the tenents to help mothers fix decent laces for children to sleep. Soon her young women came to help. Within a year 20 volunteers were rd at work.

Tuberculosis was rife in Chicago's od-handling trades, the milk supy was tainted, the crime and infantortality rates were soaring. Despite 2-hour days at Hull House, Miss ddams found time to tell this rdid story anywhere she could find n audience—in churches, to unions, women's clubs. One wealthy oung property-owner who heard er asked how he might help. Miss ddams looked him in the eye, ointed out that in the Hull House eighborhood he owned several lthy firetraps, occupied by prostiutes. Why not tear the shacks down nd make the lots into playgrounds? he property-owner was furious, but n a few weeks he gave her the land. On May 1, 1892, Jane Addams pened the first free public playround in Chicago.

Shocking conditions in industry arly stirred her gentle wrath. In he needle trades, expensive garments were cut in unsafe factories, then ewed together throughout the eighborhood by women and children, the latter paid four cents an hour. Jane Addams demanded factory safety laws and the prohibition of child labor.

Until then Hull House had been considered "harmless." Now a storm broke. Employers, slum parents and politicians joined to try to shout Jane Addams down. This woman was interfering with business; she must be stopped! One manufacturer promised $50,000 "to support the work of Hull House," provided Miss Addams would halt her agitation for safety laws. Another offered $20,000 to build a club for working girls, if Hull House would forget child labor. The offers only made Jane Addams more steadfast.

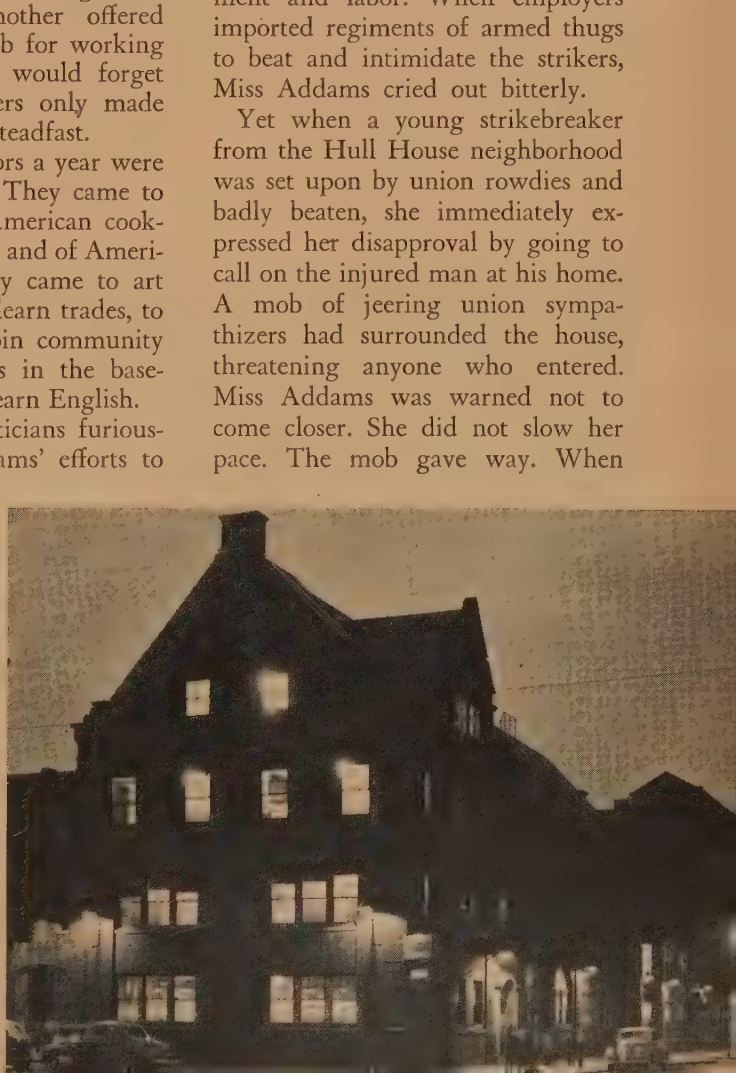
Soon 50,000 neighbors a year were visiting Hull House. They came to learn something of American cooking and housekeeping, and of American history, too. They came to art and music classes, to learn trades, to play games, dance, join community sings, take free baths in the basement. They came to learn English.

Grafting ward politicians furiously resisted Jane Addams' efforts to secure better sewers and garbage collection. She sent the women of the neighborhood out in pairs to see and report violations of the sanitary code, then carried these reports to City Hall. The City Council ignored them, but the newspapers, sensing a scandal, spread them before the people. The mayor, impressed by Miss Addams' sincerity, appointed her inspector of garbage.

From her first day on the job she was out at six o'clock every morning to follow the collectors on their smelly rounds and to see that they did their work. She got the nine collection wagons in the ward increased to 17, took landlords into court, stirred such a mighty ruckus that Chicago began to clean itself up.

Of Jane Addams' reform efforts, none stirred so much resentment as her attitude in labor disputes. Chicago between 1890 and 1920 was the scene of long, bloody strikes. The pistol and blackjack were used freely by both sides. No matter which side used violence, Jane Addams opposed it, and this enraged both management and labor. When employers imported regiments of armed thugs to beat and intimidate the strikers, Miss Addams cried out bitterly.

Yet when a young strikebreaker from the Hull House neighborhood was set upon by union rowdies and badly beaten, she immediately expressed her disapproval by going to call on the injured man at his home. A mob of jeering union sympathizers had surrounded the house, threatening anyone who entered. Miss Addams was warned not to come closer. She did not slow her pace. The mob gave way. When



Lighted windows are a symbol of Hull House, bringing cheer to a blighted neighborhood.

she came out later, the sullen union sympathizers did not molest her.

Even before 1910 Hull House was a mecca for visitors from all over America and Europe: Henry Ford, William Allen White, John Dewey, senators and cabinet members, a British prime minister, professors from Heidelberg. They came to look, and carried away inspiration.

In politics Jane Addams was a maverick. She disdained party labels. She voted the Socialist ticket once, the Progressive once (when Theodore Roosevelt ran on it), the Democratic once, and the Republican twice—for Herbert Hoover. Always a pacifist, she objected to ROTC in schools. This brought her into conflict during World War I with "patriotic societies," and later with the American Legion which, in convention, booed when her name was mentioned.

Jane Addams was a plain-faced woman. She always dressed simply and inexpensively; she wanted to use her money for more important things. A biographer who had access to her accounts says that in 45 years she gave an average of $25,000 a year to Hull House and allied causes from her inheritance, her lecture fees, and her writings. Her total contributions thus amounted to more than a million dollars according to the best-informed sources.

Four citizens of tomorrow, these children of immigrants learn America's ways—its life, language and wonderful games—while playing at the Hull House day nursery.

Most of the forlorn causes for which Jane Addams fought became winning achievements, and most of her "dangerous" ideas were accepted by the public before she died. She saw her cherished child-labor laws passed throughout the nation, safeguards established for both men and women in industry; adult education, public playgrounds, day nurseries, sanitary codes became universal. She voted in five presidential elections, and the women's vote was no longer a matter of ridicule. She lived to see the World Court and the League of Nations seeking to establish peace.

Jane Addams died of cancer on May 21, 1935. To the funeral in the Hull House courtyard came the great and the near-great of the state and nation. And by the thousands came her humble friends, the neighbors she had "invited in." Other thousands, including workmen with their lunch boxes in their hands, knelt in the streets and wept and bade farewell to their friend. Around the world there were many stirring epitaphs. Of them all, the one she would have liked best was delivered impromptu.

To avoid a crowd at the railway station, no announcement was made of when the body would be taken to the train for the journey to the little cemetery in her childhood home of Cedarville. The morning after her funeral, the hearse moved down Halsted Street quietly and alone. Traffic was heavy and noisy. At Twelfth Street the hearse halted for a red light. A big Irish policeman approached.

"Is it her?" he asked. The driver nodded. The policeman's whistle sounded; all traffic halted; silence settled on the corner. The officer came to salute and signaled the hearse forward. His voice carried to the crowds at the curbs.

"Rest in Peace!" he said, and Jane Addams for the last time left her chosen neighborhood. The last word uttered in her quiet presence there was the word she loved best: Peace.

"We're citizens now!" These three received their coveted papers after studying what freedom means and the responsibilities that come with it.

Divorced—Almost 50 couples have learned how lonely "freedom" can be. Then, more in love than ever, they've been remarried by the author.

Love at Second Sight

By CHARLES RAY GOFF *Pastor, Chicago (Methodist) Temple*

"DIVORCE granted!" pronounced the judge, bringing the gavel down. "Too bad," he said aside to the clerk. "Looks like a nice, intelligent couple."

The two words were magic to Helen and Jack, who glared at each other as they left the bar of the court.

"How wonderful to be free!" exclaimed Helen, as she joined her relatives. Her erstwhile husband silently left the courtroom with his attorney.

No major charge, such as adultery, drunkenness, violence or desertion, had entered the case. "Mental cruelty," involving bickering, defiance and recrimination, was the legal basis of the breakup. Each had nurtured the wounds into a gangrenous condition.

Years passed. Jack was depressed and lonesome; Helen struggled to keep her chin up. But time smooths off rough edges, and their bitter quarrels became hazy and unreal. Then fate, or Providence, stepped in.

One day Helen was in a department store on a shopping tour. She stopped at a counter to inspect handbags. Something impelled her to look up—to see a man's eyes focused on her. There was a fleeting hesitation, then recognition.

"Jack!" she cried out. "Helen!" he responded. Drawn to each other as by a magnet, they embraced, oblivious to others.

That's the story they told me in my study at the Chicago Temple. They had heard of me as a downtown minister, and had sought guidance.

"We want to be remarried at the altar of the church, this time for keeps," they said.

I pressed for further details. Their chance meeting was some months before, and they had had a happy courtship again.

"It was love at second sight, much deeper and more understanding than our love at first sight was," Helen said.

"You are resolved that you won't repeat the discords of the past?" I prompted. "I won't remarry you unless I'm convinced you've outgrown the pettiness and spitefulness which wrecked your first marriage."

"We both agree on that," replied Jack, smiling. "We've had victory through the suffering of loneliness. We've really grown up now, pastor. You can depend on it, this time it *will* stick. We've found that we've always been in love, and that our divorce was a tragedy of rebellious pride."

I could tell by their fervent words

and actions that they meant it. As the marriage ritual in the church neared its end and they knelt before the cross, I laid my hands upon their heads and invoked God's blessing and benediction upon them. They went out to live a new life together.

The pair was one of forty-six divorced couples whom I have remarried. In my long ministry I have performed the marital rites for considerably more than 4,000 couples, so approximately one out of every 100 ceremonies has been that for a divorced husband and wife seeking to restore the broken bonds.

It may sound strange, but this has been one of the most satisfying phases of my ministry, because in it there's an element of healing an old wound and bringing a sufferer back to health. One's sympathy goes out to these couples who feel remorse over broken hearts and wasted years, and who now seek to reclaim what they once tossed impetuously aside.

Yet I have turned down a number because I wasn't satisfied that old quarrels had really been patched up. I have always insisted they probe deep into their personalities to see whether they have actually mastered the impulses and attitudes which wrecked them before.

"You can't just take up marriage where you left it off," I explain. "That merely means a revival of the old circumstances and then the old discords. Blot out as much as possible all of the past except your original love for each other and the occasions when you were happy together. Seal your lips on the former bitterness, and resolve that you'd rather die than quarrel again. Live out each day in mutual affection, thoughtfulness and tenderness, and the time will come when your divorce will be only a hazy, bad dream. Let God come fully and richly into your lives, and you cannot fail."

I have not been able to keep track of all the divorced couples I have rejoined, but as far as I know none has been divorced a second time. I have hoped and prayed each remarriage would be for good, and I have always stressed they must make unusual effort, telling them that it is easier to build on a new site than to tear down a wrecked structure and rebuild in its place.

Two of the couples had been divorced nineteen years before they finally reconciled and took up life together again. In one case the breach became wider, and reunion even more improbable, because of the remarriage of each. But a mutual friend was convinced that sometime, somewhere, somehow, they would find each other again and restore their union.

As I gathered the facts, I learned that nagging and counter-nagging caused this marriage to crack in the first five years. Neither person would admit blame for the quarrels, nor apologize or take the first step to reconciliation. Court action only laid raw the wounds before their friends, and intensified hate.

"I remarried within a year, just to show Susan another woman could take her place," Harry told me.

"It wasn't long afterward that I remarried on the rebound, to prove to Harry I could be happy without him," Susan related.

NEITHER was aware that an unknown factor, Mrs. X, was at work on a re-match-making project. She kept track of them through friends in the home town, ultimately learning that both marriages had been dissolved, one by death the other by divorce. Obtaining their addresses, she corresponded with each, giving hometown news interspersed with references to the other. Eventually Susan asked for Harry's address.

She wrote—Harry responded at once. Both were free. The correspondence evolved into courtship by mail, finally a meeting. From what they told me, their first sight of each other was dramatic—b r i n g i n g laughter and tears, chatter and caresses.

"We quickly realized that we still loved each other, in spite of the many years of separation," they told me. "It was just like coming home again, after being away a long, long time."

They were in their early forties, still in their prime. It was moving to observe them during the wedding ceremony. You could tell by the glow of their faces, the fervency of their answers, that they intended their new marriage to be unbreakable. It has proved out in the several years since I remarried those two people.

I think practically all my readers will agree that remarrying divorced couples is different from giving the blessing of the church to the wedding of a divorced man or woman. I look upon the former as restoring something that has been broken, as bringing together those who never should have separated.

Yet it should not be done lightly or on the impulse of the couple. There must be basic assurance that this time it is for keeps—otherwise, the clergyman would simply be paving the way for a recurrence of their first marital disaster.

It is worth noting also that the remarriages occurred after divorces based on trivialities rather than on the deadly diseases of marriage, and that the ties of love were weakened but not destroyed. I refer to the build-up of petty annoyances, complaints, irritations and backbiting into a mountain of discord, yet each item in itself being minor.

If there has been real love, not just infatuation to start with, only "vicious conditions" (to which the Methodist *Discipline* refers in considering justifiable causes for divorce) to destroy it. Adultery, habitual drunkenness, physical abuse, desertion and criminality can be death to love. And divorces for such causes usually stick, I understand. I would not, of course, minimize a situation where fundamental change or reform of the guilty party has brought about a successful remarriage of those divorced for such a major cause. But none was among the forty-six couples I have remarried.

Remarrying divorced couples has convinced me that true marriage is for life. When two people are *really* married, they never can get over it. Veteran attorneys of the divorce courts tell me that half the couples getting divorced, especially the wives, regret the action afterward; many more would be reunited, except for self-pride causing unwillingness to take the first step toward reconciliation.

A number of couples I have remarried had been divorced ten to fifteen years, but the rest had been apart for about five years. Some came for reunion within two years, realizing they couldn't live apart and

breaking through all self-erected barriers of stubbornness and revenge in order to mend the priceless association they had severed.

"We have discovered we simply can't live without each other," a score or more of these couples have told me. But in their new marriage they have gone into it realistically. That doesn't mean they are any the less romantic about it, but it is the deeper romance which takes account of human frailties and makes allowance for imperfections. The infantile conception that marriage settled everything, that moonlight and roses will be the perpetual order, and that bliss has no interruptions, has proved its falsity in a costly way, and now the couples are matured sufficiently to take reverses, troubles and frustrations along with victories, pleasures and rewards as part and parcel of living.

Romantic love as it is widely portrayed today is transitory. Enduring love must have a deep respect as its cornerstone. It may be the element of sincerity, kindliness, courage, loyalty, or other virtue that appeals to the man or woman in the development of affection, but it has to be something constructive and enduring.

My respect as a young fellow for the girl I married was first for her rugged honesty; I knew what she told me was true. Our companionship ripened into an attachment and then into love that has steadily grown stronger in the forty-five years we have spent together.

I have found that religion is profoundly important to permanence of marriage. Sociologists have made surveys which prove it. In my own experience of nearly fifty years as pastor, I have not known of a divorce where two of my people were active in church, had had a stirring personal religious experience and were deeply devout. Christianity gives to such as they a meaning to marriage that nothing outside religion can equal. Young people become one before God and man for life—and there is seldom, if ever, need for them to come before a minister for remarriage.

I am confident that there are many thousands of divorced couples who regret their marital break-up, and who give thought to possible reconciliation and remarriage. It may be merely wishful thinking on the part of many, a wistfulness concerning "what might have been." With others, it may be a determination to see "if we can't make a go of it again"; with the thought in the background that if it doesn't succeed, husband and wife could separate as before. It must run deeper than that—there must be a love that has survived everything which has happened, and still gnaws at the heart for reconciliation and reunion.

I would like to make a few suggestions for divorced couples who may be thinking of remarriage:

1. If it is just a deal to satisfy children or other relatives, I would discourage it. It takes a stronger love than ever to make a success of remarriage.

2. Reject any thoughts of remarriage if it is planned for convenience in handling jointly-owned property, or to cut the cost of living, or to get a better income-tax deal. This would be a travesty.

3. Consider whether causes of the divorce have been eliminated, so there will be no repetition of old quarrels and discords.

4. If either the man or the woman feels he or she won out in the first place, and expects to dominate again, disaster is all but inevitable.

5. But if loneliness has refused to disappear, and the image of the loved-and-lost one keeps cropping up in memory; if there is an attitude of repentance for one's own guilt, and an intense desire to ask forgiveness and to give it; if one feels not only willing but eager to spend the rest of his or her life with the former mate, then remarriage under God may be wisely and worthily sought.

6. If no hurt or injustice is done to any other person in any way, then one may feel the way is clear.

7. A couple should pray earnestly for God's guidance in re-establishing their home of love and happiness.

I'd like to close this article with a benediction: May the Lord's blessing rest upon any and all divorced couples who *earnestly* seek to heal the wounds of the past, and to renew in marriage the inextinguishable love which he gave them in years bygone.

BOOMERANG

By C. Clifford Bacon

WHEN I was a boy, I owned a small, homemade boomerang. It was fascinating to watch that little boomerang as it left my hand to soar away and then return, dropping like a trained puppy at my feet.

I was reminded of my childhood plaything recently when I saw a deadly looking Australian-style boomerang in a local store. It was heavy, and I was disturbed by the fact that if it sailed back and hit a person that person would be hurt. But I bought it and took it home. For security reasons, however, I went out into the open country before trying to throw it.

As I watched this amazing piece of bent wood perform, I was struck by the thought that here is a parable of life. Like a boomerang, the things we think and say and do come back to us. Think of the boomerang idea in our relations with people. I find that, if we approach men with distrust or dislike, they react to us the same way.

I am reminded of the story of two men who found themselves occupying the same stateroom on a trip across the Atlantic. The first day at sea one secretly went to the purser's office and said:

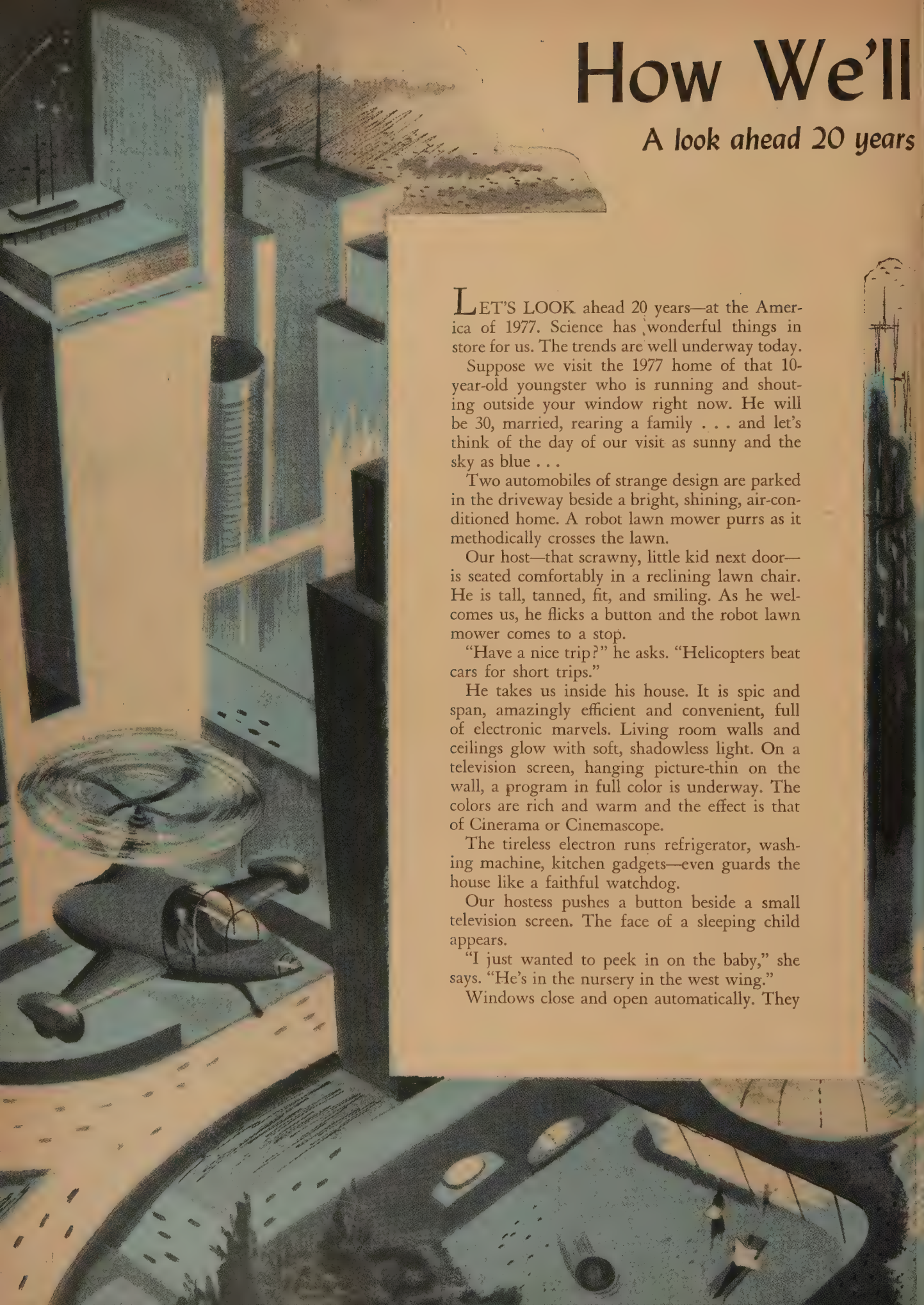
"Keep my money in the ship's safe. I don't like the looks of the man in the stateroom with me."

The officer looked up the number, then said with a smile:

"Isn't that strange? Just a few minutes ago that man was in here saying the same thing about you."

How We'll

A look ahead 20 years



LET'S LOOK ahead 20 years—at the America of 1977. Science has wonderful things in store for us. The trends are well underway today.

Suppose we visit the 1977 home of that 10-year-old youngster who is running and shouting outside your window right now. He will be 30, married, rearing a family . . . and let's think of the day of our visit as sunny and the sky as blue . . .

Two automobiles of strange design are parked in the driveway beside a bright, shining, air-conditioned home. A robot lawn mower purrs as it methodically crosses the lawn.

Our host—that scrawny, little kid next door—is seated comfortably in a reclining lawn chair. He is tall, tanned, fit, and smiling. As he welcomes us, he flicks a button and the robot lawn mower comes to a stop.

"Have a nice trip?" he asks. "Helicopters beat cars for short trips."

He takes us inside his house. It is spic and span, amazingly efficient and convenient, full of electronic marvels. Living room walls and ceilings glow with soft, shadowless light. On a television screen, hanging picture-thin on the wall, a program in full color is underway. The colors are rich and warm and the effect is that of Cinerama or Cinemascope.

The tireless electron runs refrigerator, washing machine, kitchen gadgets—even guards the house like a faithful watchdog.

Our hostess pushes a button beside a small television screen. The face of a sleeping child appears.

"I just wanted to peek in on the baby," she says. "He's in the nursery in the west wing."

Windows close and open automatically. They

Live in '77

by Leo Cherne

can be closed by telephone if the family is away from home. Or they will respond to the first raindrops that fall. Dust and extremes of temperature are banished—even germs practically eliminated by sterilizing rays.

Our hostess glances at her wrist watch which, incidentally, serves also as a wrist telephone. It is almost noon.

"Lunch is being prepared and will be ready in exactly four minutes," she explains.

"Oh, you have a cook?"

The hostess looks puzzled for a moment, then smiles.

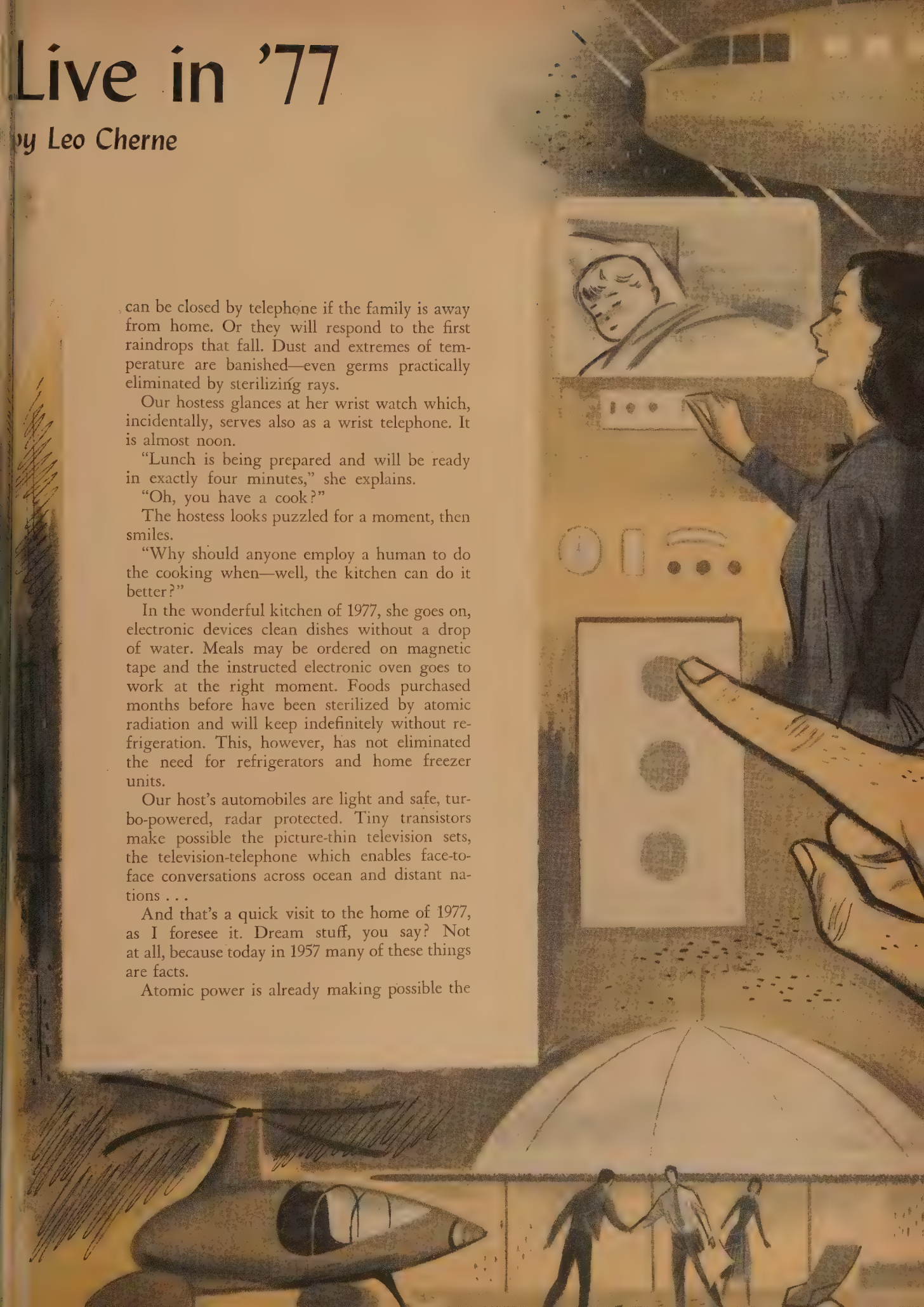
"Why should anyone employ a human to do the cooking when—well, the kitchen can do it better?"

In the wonderful kitchen of 1977, she goes on, electronic devices clean dishes without a drop of water. Meals may be ordered on magnetic tape and the instructed electronic oven goes to work at the right moment. Foods purchased months before have been sterilized by atomic radiation and will keep indefinitely without refrigeration. This, however, has not eliminated the need for refrigerators and home freezer units.

Our host's automobiles are light and safe, turbo-powered, radar protected. Tiny transistors make possible the picture-thin television sets, the television-telephone which enables face-to-face conversations across ocean and distant nations . . .

And that's a quick visit to the home of 1977, as I foresee it. Dream stuff, you say? Not at all, because today in 1957 many of these things are facts.

Atomic power is already making possible the



HOMECOMING 1977

a family forecast

By HERMAN B. TEETER

THE Rev. Paul Smith drove down the asphalt lane from his home, turned onto the superhighway, and folded the steering wheel into its compartment under the instrument panel. Tiny Betty squirmed in the back seat.

"What's a bad cold, Daddy?"

"A cold is something that once kept a lot of people away from Sunday school and church."

"How do you get a bad cold, Mother?" asked 8-year-old Bobby.

"You don't—not in 1977—unless you forget to take your anti-tabs," Anne replied.

Paul yawned and stretched as the swift, three-wheeled, radar-controlled groundcar crossed automatically into another lane to pass a slower vehicle. Then the sleek machine streaked ahead on the 10-lane highway, her super-fab, non-skid, non-blowout, 100,000-mile tires swishing faintly under a noiseless motor.

"My, how things have changed!" Paul remarked. "Twenty years make a lot of difference." Where slums had been in 1957, here was open country—green, sunny, antiseptic, dotted by smokeless buildings of glass and steel.

"We'll be at your mother's in time for Sunday school as well as church," Anne said. "Then we'll have our homecoming picnic and—"

"Lookit!" Bobby shrilled. "The monorail!"

The slim, rocket shape of the monotrain sang by, flashing ahead at 150 miles an hour on a single rail over the highway. "I wish I could ride the monorail to grandma's," Bobby said. "We're just going 90 now."

Paul grinned. Twenty years ago there had been no monorail trains, electronic highways, foolproof autos. The world of 1957 seemed far away.

"Bobby, get your grandma on your wrist-watch phone," he said. "Tell her we'll meet her at the church."

A warning bell sounded and the car pulled onto an auto-stop zone. Paul unfolded the steering wheel and took control again. There was no traffic beam on the side road which led to his old home town.

"Grandma says she is already at the church," Bobby reported.

"Will she have a vita-burger in her purse?" Betty asked. "I'm hungry."

Anne laughed. "You know grandma doesn't bring vita-burgers to church. But I've packed some old-fashioned hamburgers for the picnic."

"Oh, boy!" exclaimed Bobby. "Onions and everything!"

"What's an old-fashioned hamburger, Mamma?" Betty asked.

Anne explained as they drove down the main street of their old home town. They pulled up before the First Methodist Church where green ivy grew on red-brick walls and a crowd of worshipers stood outside in the warm spring sunshine.

"It is not new and pretty like our church at home," Bobby said.

"It will do," Anne said, the deep lights glowing in her eyes. "Your father helped lay the cornerstone of this church in 1957. It will always be a special church for us."

Tiny Betty climbed over the back of the seat and tumbled into Paul's lap. "What's a cornerstone, Daddy, and can I have an old-fashioned hamburger right now?

"And, Daddy, can I ride the monorail back home?"

Anne sighed and turned toward her husband, eyes laughing. "What was that you said, Paul, about things having changed so much in 20 years?"

automatic factory. The burgeoning science of nucleonics can set plastics instantaneously, sterilize medicines and provide medical treatment. Many of the new goods and services will be refinements of the things we can buy anywhere in the United States today; others will have taken forms, styles, and uses undreamed of in 1957.

In the America of 1977, products of the electronic-atomic age will pour in a steady stream from assembly lines run by machines which think, take notes of what they are doing, and correct what they do wrong. These automation units must operate 24 hours a day to produce enough goods to pay for themselves. And so the salesman of the future must be a superseller who can convince you that you need two or three television sets, two or three automobiles, and all the latest gadgets for kitchen and workshop.

Automation will make new jobs, abolish others. There will be unemployment among some classes of skilled workers, but this will be temporary. There will be recessions, but no depressions near the magnitude of the early 1930s.

That scrawny kid of 10 next door can look forward to retirement in his 50s. During his working years, he will toil fewer hours while earning half again as much money as his father did in the same job. America's population will have jumped the 200 million mark. A large segment of this population will be retired people—recreation-minded, rich in experience, still vigorous, likely to live another 20 years because of continued advances expected in medical science.

In 1977 the nation will produce and consume half again as much as it does in 1957. Travel will be faster, cheaper, safer. Ground, air, water traffic will be radar-controlled. Superhighways will reach out in every direction—crisscrossing every state. City workers who live 100 miles away from the job will be only one hour away by improved monorail or helicopter.

Solar power will be near reality in 1977—and when that happens, there will be unlimited, free power available from the sun. Meanwhile, we'll exploit the fabulous energy released by atomic fission.

Life 20 years from now will re-

volve, as it always has, around the home and the family. The instinct to build a home and rear a family will be unchanged. Because that is so and because we seek to preserve what we cherish, we shall worry more.

What to do with leisure will be a major problem in 1977. Man will find it difficult to adjust to increasingly rapid changes in his physical environment. Some people flying helicopters will be as poorly equipped as some automobile drivers appear to be today. As for mental disease: at the present rate, one child in every ten can expect to spend some time in a mental hospital.

The psychiatrist will be very much in demand in this technological Garden of Eden of 1977. For one thing, man will worry about small localized wars. And the increasing complexities of life in 1977, the incredible speed at which we will be moving, the constantly stepped-up rate of change, will do more damage to mental health than the continual threat of nuclear destruction. Enormously increased tensions will have made emotional disturbances more common than ever before.

For man, surrounded by comfort and convenience, will remain troubled within. Juvenile delinquency will continue, though not at the current rate. Improved methods of prevention and rehabilitation will put a brake on crime. For its own safety, the community of 1977 will concentrate on preventing crime and delinquency through group activity and psychological counseling.

Behind the infallible push-button stands fallible man—and that spells out trouble. Were the promise of the future to depend only on the fallible and destructive nature of man, we would enter these next 20 years anxious and despondent.

I expect to see fallible man seek divine help more than he has since the Industrial Revolution began. I look for the present-day trend toward religion to continue and to lead to a great religious revival. For man will return to religion as he discovers he cannot explain life without it.

Men and women of 1977 will not find real happiness in the technological wonders around them. They must seek it elsewhere.

Little Lessons in Spiritual Efficiency

A Man is Known

By ROY L. SMITH

AN OLD proverb says that a man is known by the company he keeps. But there are many other ways to take a person's measure. The newspaper clippings he saves, for example.

John Beech was a quiet-mannered and godly man whose wife died before he was 40. With amazing skill he mothered his little ones until they grew to adulthood and took honored places in their community. Then, one day, John's heart stopped.

"You never had a chance to know Dad intimately," the young man said to the family's minister as they arranged for the funeral. "Of course, you knew him as he sat in church on Sunday morning. But you couldn't know the real spirit of his life.

"I've just gone through his papers, and I found some clippings he tucked away. They reveal his spirit better than anything I could say. Would you like to see them?"

The clergyman was surprised to find some lovely little poems, a collection of striking epigrams, and exquisite prose that dealt with life's profoundest themes. Also, there were elegant reproductions of world-famous paintings. John Beech had saved nothing trivial or petty.

When the preacher had finished, he knew that for the first time he had really glimpsed the innermost soul of John Beech.

This story contains a hint for each of us as we come to the opening of another new year. Even a casual stranger could quickly form a reasonably accurate picture of us if he could see those things we are carrying over from last year into 1957.

The Old Testament warns us to "keep the heart with all diligence, for out of it cometh the issues of life."

The real heart of any man—the essence of his life—consists of the memories he keeps alive, and clippings are their symbols. They reveal so much about the things we prefer to remember!

He who nourishes grudges, envies, jealousies, animosities, or grievances becomes one kind of person. He who remembers loveliness, exalted thoughts, great aspirations, and holy purposes becomes a very different kind of person.

Do your life's clippings tell of a soul's holy outreach? Or of trivia, bawdy humor, and vulgarity?

None of us can choose the circumstances with which we are compelled to deal day by day. But anybody *can* choose the memories he or she keeps alive, the thoughts that are our companions through the night. These are the basic stuff of which life itself is made.

Week by week, through the years, John Beech guided his life by beauty and profound truth. During his struggle to rear his motherless little family, these things had served as life preservers for his hard-pressed spirit. And in gratitude he saved them. Because a thrilling thought had tided him over bad times, he put it away in the bank—exactly as he would have a stock certificate or a valuable bond.

Ideas, not things, were his treasures. He saved them as other men save securities and cash.

The secret of John Beech's rich, purposeful life was his ability to sort out the essential from the trivia. He read the same newspapers that other men read. But he found in them the uplifting and the inspiring.

As we begin the year, it will repay us well to sort over our clippings to separate the eternal from the trivial.

Everybody was welcome—but nobody ever got around to tasting all the delicacies.

Smorgasbord being served in the Youth Club rooms at the Dugout two blocks N. of lake front

Behind the Scenes

Smorgasbord at Algoma

TO VIEW a church *smörgasbord* (that's Swedish for "sandwich table") from behind the scenes, a TOGETHER photographer went to Algoma, Wis., for the annual feast sponsored by the Woman's Society of Christian Service of the Methodist church.

Smörgasbord, he found, is an assembly-line product. It contains just about as many parts as a brand-new car.

Algoma's smörgasbord started in kitchens all over town, but the parts were assembled in the community's fine, new recreation center. (The Methodists' own basement dining room wasn't big enough for the piles of food or the 900 people who enjoyed it.)

Mrs. Robert Gaulke, wife of the president of Door-Kewaunee County Teachers College, supervised the big feed. Such dishes as *Potatis Koru* (potato sausage) came from one home, *Fattigmand Bakelser* (poor man's cookies) from another, *Sur Sild* (pickled herring) from somewhere else. The menu featured 30 Scandinavian specialties, including hot and cold meats, smoked and pickled fish, sausages, cheese, salads, relishes, desserts, and 12 kinds of bread.

The people of Algoma have enjoyed this feast each year since 1949. And when it's smörgasbord time in Algoma, word spreads around the whole Green Bay area. Last year merchants helped by moving stoves and refrigerators into the community-center-turned-smörgasbord-palace. And friends from other local churches came to help their Methodist neighbors on Smörgasbord Day.

The basement dining room of Algoma's growing Methodist church wasn't large enough to accommodate the many hundreds of smörgasbord diners.

Dishwashing for 900 hungry guests isn't a job to pray for—but it is man's task on Smörgasbord Day in Algoma.

A behind-the-scenes smörgasbord bonus was the privilege of tasting just about everything at leisure.

Chief dish washer was Robert Gaulke, president of the local college. Mrs. Gaulke supervised the planning and distribution of food.

The smörgasbord lasted eight busy hours, but the church ladies found some friendly moments for a breather.

Hot water for dishwashing (below) *came in milk cans as Pastor Donald Francis started the kitchen cleanup.* (Right) *Mrs. Ione van Price, WSCS leader, and assistant did some bookkeeping.*

We mixed sentiment and business

By LESLIE E. DUNKIN

"WHAT are we going to do about the money question?" my wife asked one night.

I looked up from the book I was reading.

"The what?"

"What are we going to do about allowances for our children?"

We had known for a long time that the problem would arise. Our children—three daughters and a son—had stair-stepped up from infancy and would be in their teens.

"Most of our neighbors give their children generous allowances," my wife continued. "The children next door always have money."

Now, I was never one to try to keep up with the Joneses—certainly not the well-to-do Joneses next door!

"Why, he makes more in a week than I make in an entire month!" I reminded her.

"It isn't the amount so much. It's the basic principle. Our children will be needing their own money. We should love them enough to let them have a regular amount each week."

I could have reminded my wife that in addition to giving his children a liberal allowance, our neighbor paid someone else to do work which the children should have done.

"Can love be bought with an allowance, a gift?" I asked. "Or does the child have love for the gift, rather than the parent?"

My wife shook her head. I could see that she would not be completely satisfied if we set up a regular allowance, merely as a gift of money for sentimental reasons.

"There's another possibility," I suggested. "We could pay our children for doing various jobs about the house."

Again my wife shook her head.

"There is one serious objection to that. We'd be commercializing the family and that would do away with group love and the true family spirit. I don't like your businesslike way any better than you liked the love-and-sentiment way."

Here then was a deadlock. The problem we had known would come was still in our laps. There was only one thing to do. Compromise.

"Your plan is sentimental," I said. "Mine is businesslike. Why not mix sentiment with business? The results may surprise us."

Surprise us they did, indeed. It started, I remember, when we learned that a neighbor—a widow with two small children—wanted very much to see an outstanding movie which had come to our town. But she had little money for living expenses, much less luxuries, and it would not be convenient for her to take the two children with her.

My wife and I discussed the matter in the presence of our children. We decided to buy a ticket and present it to our neighbor. One of our daughters spoke up immediately.

"We'll baby-sit for her!" she volunteered.

"And we'll do it free!" another said.

Here, for the asking, was a neighborly project which gave us the chance to

You are invited to write for this page—about real-life family and home problems and how you have solved them. If your letter is published (300 to 500 words, please) we'll send you a $25 check.—EDS.

BIG HELP

Not every morning of my life,
But now and then, to help my wife,
I make my bed, which when
She's thanked me for my thoughtfulness
And viewed the lumpy, bumpy mess
She makes again.

—*Richard Armour*

Looks at movies

By Harry C. Spencer
General Secretary, Methodist Television, Radio, and Film Commission

Around the World in 80 Days (United Artists) ***Family*** (+).

Based on Jules Verne's 19th-century novel, the film is a marvelous globe-circling travelogue with gorgeous photography, clever incidents, excitement and humor. It adds up to three hours of enjoyable entertainment.

David Niven plays Phileas Fogg, who wagers fellow members of his stuffy London club that he can go around the world in less than three months. Cantinflas is his shrewd but often clumsy valet, Passepartout. Everything happens to delay the intrepid pair, but nothing stops them.

Friendly Persuasion (Allied) ***Adults*** (+) ***Youth*** (+).

From an Indiana Quaker community of the 1860s comes one of the year's best films. The conflict in the heart of a God-fearing Quaker mother who tries to follow the Bible teaching in training her son is almost overpowering. Notable performances by a fine cast.

Giant (Warner Brothers) ***Adults*** (+) ***Youth*** (+).

An outstanding film that's as big as Texas! As the years come and go, Rock Hudson and Elizabeth Taylor find a new maturity in events which threaten but do not upset their marriage. Petulant James Dean represents the perpetual adolescent. His weaknesses are magnified when an oil strike floods him with riches.

The Mountain (Paramount) ***Adults*** (+) ***Youth*** (+).

Though some of the actors look as though they belonged in Hollywood instead of the snow-covered Swiss Alps, this record of mountain-climbing adventure is about the most exciting film shown in recent months.

Pillars of the Sky (Universal-International) ***Adults*** (—).

This feeble attempt to show the saga of frontier missionaries with the shooting, whooping of an orthodox Indian-fighting Western results in neither good religion nor good entertainment.

Public Pigeon No. 1 (RKO) ***Family*** (+).

With Red Skelton as the dupe of clever confidence men promoting phony stock, anything can happen—and almost everything does!

Silent World (Columbia) ***Family*** (+).

A fascinating, factual color film by the famous French underwater explorer, Capt. Jacques-Yves Cousteau. He reveals sights never filmed before: a herd of sperm whales and droves of sharks that attack one of the wounded ocean giants.

Cousteau's documentary film record of skin divers exploring a sunken ship is really awesome.

The Ten Commandments (Paramount) ***Adult*** (+) ***Youth*** (+).

In a prologue to one of the most spectacular pictures ever photographed, Cecil B. DeMille, producer-director, states that the foundations of man's freedom came from the Ten Commandments which God gave to Moses. From this foundation came the belief in a life of law, not dictatorship, DeMille says.

Unfortunately, during most of the nearly four-hour film, this profound truth is buried beneath an eye-filling, emotion-wrenching panorama of life in ancient Egypt. And strangely enough, the humanness of the characterizations set in such grandeur reduces the import of the Biblical story.

But the sets, the acting, the dramatic impact of the film rate the highest adjectives Hollywood can bestow on a picture.

Tension at Table Rock (RKO) ***Adults*** (+) ***Youth*** (+).

A Western with better than average characterizations and enough action to suit young and old. The story line: a man falsely accused of a murder lives under a stigma until he dramatically clears his name.

You Can't Run Away From It (Columbia) ***Adults*** (+).

A sophisticated re-do of the ever-fresh comedy, *It Happened One Night*. June Allyson and Jack Lemmon star as the romantic pair that finally get married after June runs away from the husband chosen by her too-rich and overbearing—even if well-meaning—papa.

launch our sentiment-with-business program.

This is what happened. The children did the baby-sitting job and would accept nothing from our neighbor. We paid them ourselves, but urged them not to say a word about this to anyone.

Other opportunities followed in rapid succession. The children joined in with enthusiasm, working outside the home to help people who could not afford to pay them. For doing this, we gave them an allowance. At the same time, we reminded the children that family and home must not be neglected; and that they could not expect money for every service they performed, either in the home or elsewhere.

Word got around the neighborhood. When others heard about our children helping without pay, they began offering little jobs that did pay. These jobs were fun for the children. And also they were now making money of their own.

But they did not stop helping those who could not pay.

"We don't want you to pay us any longer for helping needy people," the children said one day. "What's more, we want to keep working without pay here in the home."

I am sure that the feeling of independence they had acquired, the feeling of service they were performing, made them even more grateful for our home and family life.

This arrangement was continued through the years. During those years, my wife and I tied in the practical sentiment-and-business program with religious training in the home.

Looking back now, my wife and I realize we made a fortunate decision the night we discussed giving our children allowances. At an age when their friends were insisting on "gift" allowances, or were receiving pay for work around home, our children were on their own financially. They were making more money than any allowance we could have afforded. It was not dad's money; it was their own—and they were careful how they spent it.

Because we mixed sentiment with business, our children received valuable experience in life. They grew up to be dependable, thorough, and enterprising, and we are proud of them.

All of this was several years ago. My wife and I now live in South Bend, Ind., and we have six grandchildren. We believe our plan will be handed down through these grandchildren to yet another generation.

From the quiet groves he loved, "Old Abe" drew strength and faith.

LINCOLN

among the trees

by Honoré Willsie Morrow

NATURE made a man of her own when she made Abraham Lincoln. She gathered him into her own particular design; marked him with the rain and the wind, snow and sun; then offered him as a support and shelter to a panic-stricken world of men.

Lincoln's greatness was the product of his early environment. His genius was in those extraordinary traits of soul which were quite independent of his intellect. And these had been developed by his pioneer childhood. He was a brother to the forests, to the growing fields, to trees and shrubs and flowers.

Take Lincoln from this point of view and you will understand everything he ever said or did.

Noah Brooks, a newspaperman who was Lincoln's friend during the war years, frequently accompanied the President on his rides around Washington. Lincoln liked to get away from his guards and amble quietly through the woods. One afternoon when the two men were alone in a forest on the Virginia side of the Potomac, Lincoln pointed out a tree that was being killed by a vine which covered its trunk. "That's very beautiful," remarked the President, "but it's like certain habits of men. It decorates the ruin it makes."

On another day Brooks found Lincoln alone in these same woods. He was standing on the stump of a tree, the better to view the scenery. He called Brooks' attention to some of the more subtle aspects of the landscape, then he said: "I like trees best when they're not in leaf and you can

Lincoln's eye was caught by the "delicate outline of a bare tree. In it he read a deeper message.

study their anatomy. Look at the delicate, firm outline of that leafless tree against the skyline. And see," pointing to the network of shadows cast by the branches on the snow, "that's the profile of the tree."

The memory of this silhouette on the snow remained with Lincoln, for the next day, when he was having a discussion with someone about the difference between character and reputation, he said in Brooks' hearing: "Perhaps a man's character is like a tree and his reputation like the shadow it casts. The shadow is what we think of it; the tree is the real thing."

There are other instances in which Lincoln used his "tree consciousness" to make a point. He always remembered that his father had planted two pear trees on their Rock Spring farm. And he remembered, too, that the trees were the objects of great solicitude on his father's part, for some trees are of delicate habit at times.

In his later years, when Lincoln was trying to make a certain man understand that it is impossible to hasten public opinion, he said: "There was a man who watched his persimmons day after day, impatient for the ripening of the fruit. Some of the fruit he pulled green, thinking it would ripen faster in the sun, but it only rotted. So he learned that to force the process would only spoil the tree and the fruit. He waited then and the ripe fruit at length fell into his lap."

A California woman went to drive with the Lincolns when she was visiting Washington and wrote to her home paper about the ride. She said she found the family at the Soldiers Home, just outside the city where one of the unpretentious residences was used as the President's summer home.

"The grounds," she wrote, "are situated on a beautifully wooded hill which you ascend by a winding path shaded on both sides by widespread branches forming an arcade above you. Around grows every variety of tree, especially of the evergreen class. Their branches brushed into the carriage as we passed along and left us with that pleasant, woody smell belonging to the trees. One of the ladies, catching a bit of green from one of these intruding branches, said it was cedar, but another thought it spruce.

" 'Let me discourse on a theme I understand,' said Lincoln. 'I know all about trees by right of being a backwoodsman. I'll show you the difference between spruce, pine, and cedar and this shred of green which is neither one nor the other but a sort of illegitimate cypress.'

"He then proceeded to gather specimens of each and explain the distinctive forms of foliage belonging to every species. 'Trees,' he said, 'are as deceptive in their likeness to one another as are certain classes of men among whom none but a physiognomist's eye can detect dissimilar moral features until events have developed them. Do you know, it would be a good thing if, among all the schools proposed, we could have a school of events. Trees can be tried and an analysis of their strength obtained with far less expense to life and human interests than man's can be.

READER'S CHOICE

Do you have a favorite article or short story? Send the title, author, source, and date of publication to the Reader's Choice Editor, TOGETHER, 740 N. Rush St., Chicago 11, Ill. If your suggestion is adopted, and you are the first one to "nominate it," we will send you a $25 check.

This month's Reader's Choice was sent in by Mrs. Irwin C. Young of Philadelphia. It was written by Honore Willsie Morrow (1880-1940), an American historical novelist and Lincoln authority. This article is reprinted from *Better Homes and Gardens* magazine; copyright by the Meredith Publishing Company, 1935, United States and Canada.

What I say now is a mere whimsey, you know, but when I speak of a school of events, I mean one in which students might pass through mimic vicissitudes and events that would bring out their powers. Thus one could select from the graduates an invincible soldier equal to any position with no such word as fail. A martyr to Right could be selected ready to give up life in the cause, a politician too cunning to be outwitted, and so on. There is no more dangerous or expensive experiment than that which consists in trying a man.'

"And then he went on to speak of General McClellan's failure and the consequent awful losses. Yet he could not speak harshly of his beloved soldier. He said, 'Even his failings lean to virtue's side. A keen sense of the genius in another and a reverence for it that forced expression was out of place at Seven Oaks, as beautiful things will sometimes be. He was lost in admiration of General Lee and, filled with that feeling, forebore to conquer him! The quality that would prove noble generosity in a historian does not fit the soldier. Another instance of the necessity of my suggestion being carried into effect,' he added, smiling."

Lincoln loved the woods around the Soldiers Home and used them more and more for a retreat as the war dragged on. But there was one drawback to his enjoyment of them. Until late in the war, the only military cemetery in the District of Columbia was located in the grounds of the home and the proximity to death was very painful to him. By the opening of the year 1864, 8,000 soldiers had been buried there and the limit of space was all but reached.

On May 13 of that year Lincoln made one of his usual visits to the hospital across the Potomac at Arlington. He admired the mighty oaks and elms on this old estate, although it hurt him to see the ever-increasing number of hospital tents which sheltered beneath them. And on this particular day he found something which hurt him even more. Twelve dead soldiers lay in their coffins under the oaks and they had no burial place, for the Soldiers Home graveyard at last was filled.

In his distress Lincoln could say nothing, but General Meigs, who ac-

The Lad Who Wore

ABE LINCOLN'S HAT

By Charles Suter

Charlie was on the platform. And there on the railing was the stovepipe, too great a temptation for him to resist.

THINK of Abraham Lincoln and chances are you think of his stovepipe hat. It was always that way for the Rev. Charles Clothier McLean—and with good reason. As a boy, young Charlie McLean wore Lincoln's stovepipe hat on a memorable occasion.

It was on Washington's Birthday, 1861. The lanky Illinois lawyer was on his way to Washington to take the oath of office as President of the United States. He was scheduled to stop off in Philadelphia, the McLeans' home, and raise a flag over Independence Hall. And Charlie's dad, George P. McLean, chairman of the reception committee, had promised his son he could sit on the platform with Lincoln.

To the eager boy, it seemed the big day would never arrive. But it did, finally, and there he was, right on the high, wooden platform. And there, on the railing by his elbow, was Lincoln's tall stovepipe hat.

The temptation was more than Charlie could resist. His hands stole out, he grasped the hat, and quickly put it on his head. It was a bigger bargain than he'd counted on; it slipped down over his face, came to rest on his shoulders. Before he could lift it off, his father poked him in the ribs. "Put back Mr. Lincoln's hat," he whispered sharply. Charlie did as he was told.

When the ceremony was over, the gaunt Midwesterner with the care-lined face walked over to Charlie, took both his small hands in one of his own. Placing his left hand on the boy's head, he looked earnestly down at him and said slowly, "God bless you, Charlie. May you grow up to be a noble good man."

No one knows for sure, but it may have been those words which started young Charlie up the road which carried him to the ministry and membership in the Baltimore Conference of The Methodist Church. As for the preacher himself, his boyhood meeting with Lincoln had an unusual aftermath. Forty years later, as pastor of the Douglass Memorial Methodist Church in Washington, D.C., he was browsing among a bookseller's lantern slides when a dusty old print caught his eye.

There he was as a boy! There on the platform with his father, and Lincoln, and all the others. There, too, was the stovepipe hat, just as it had been when he decided to try it on. Until that visit to the book shop, he had never known that an artist had sketched the scene, that his memory of his first glimpse of Lincoln and his stovepipe hat had been preserved for posterity—and for the Rev. Charles Clothier McLean.

"Sour godliness is the devil's religion"
—JOHN WESLEY

A pastor coming to a new charge got his words twisted in his first announcement. Said he, "I have come here to heal the dead, cast out the sick, and raise the devil."
—Mrs. J. W. Covey, *Cookville, Tex.*

When my son was 4 years old, he could recite the 23rd Psalm with a little prompting. He muffed a line one day, though. I had started him on the verse, "He restoreth," and he continued with confidence, "He restoreth my hair with oil."
—Mrs. Fred J. Atkinson, *Binghamton, N. Y.*

One Sunday morning a father left his small son in the pew while he went forward to partake of the Sacrament. He returned to find the boy gone. As he looked about the church, a small voice cried out, "Here I am, Dad, up at the bar."
—Mrs. Della Boyd, *Williamsburg, Ky.*

The Archbishop of Canterbury was leaving the UN Assembly after President Eisenhower's speech when he was stopped by a teen-age autograph hound. "Aren't you the man who introduced the President?" asked the boy.

"Yes," the Archbishop answered with a smile, "and I have also introduced a queen."

"You have?" his fan exclaimed. "What was her name?"
—Dr. Harold A. Bosley, *Evanston, Ill.*

When Deacon Spires returned from the city and his first big church meeting, his wife wanted details. "Reckon they did a lot of singing," she ventured.

"They mostly sang anthems."

"Anthems? What are anthems?"

The good man scratched his head. "I can't tell you right out," he answered. "If you was to sing, 'The cows are in the corn,' that wouldn't be an anthem, but if you was to sing, 'The brindle cow, the mooley cow, the widder Johnson's spotted cow, they're standing in the corn,' that would."
—Miss Evelyn Krieg, *Freeport, Ill.*

What's your favorite church-related chuckle? Send it in. If we share it through this column, we'll send you a $5 check.—Eds.

companied him, made a sudden suggestion. "Mr. Lincoln," he said, "what more beautiful spot for their burial could there be than at Arlington?"

It was a perfect idea! Lincoln gave his consent to this use of the park, and just at sunset the burial service was read over the first of the 12 graves. Into it was lowered the body of a Southern prisoner who had died in the hospital.

So America's greatest cemetery was begun.

It is well known that both Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln took a great personal interest in the military hospitals.

Lincoln's love of out-of-doors included gardens. One of the comic-pathetic pictures we have of him is stealing through the kitchens of a summer evening to sit among the cabbages wrapped in a homely, lonely sort of peace!

He planted rosebushes on his little lawn in Springfield, and a neighbor of the Lincolns who had been a playmate of Robert Lincoln told me that he well remembered playing in the Lincolns' yard in the spring while the older Lincoln was spading the garden patch.

Mary Lincoln had a passion for flowers and Lincoln was very proud of his wife's ability to "grow anything." She took her delight in gardens to the White House with her, and the conservatory which the bachelor James Buchanan had neglected was opened and the flower beds put in such order as the White House had not seen since the regime of John Quincy Adams.

Adams was a great gardener, and his Washington diary is full of charming references to the growth of the President's gardens. Among numerous other plantings, he records setting out a little grove of black walnut and cork trees. In Lincoln's time this had become a fine bit of forest, and thither he would go when he craved to be alone and the Soldiers Home was too far away. Particularly did he delight in Adams' grove in a snowstorm. Here, with the white curtain lending a most convincing semblance of the silence and remoteness of a forest, he could realize himself again as a backwoodsman and so renew the accuracy of his vision.

There are in existence several fleeting but poignant memories of Lincoln's consciousness of the fragile and teasing significance of flowers. Joshua Speed, the dearest friend of his young manhood, got married and young Mrs. Speed put a violet in one of her husband's letters to Lincoln.

"The sweet violet you enclosed," wrote Lincoln, "came safely to hand, but it was so dry and mashed flat that it crumbled to dust at the first attempt to handle it. The juice that mashed out of it stained a place on the letter which I mean to preserve and cherish for the sake of her who procured it to be sent."

On one of the train stops during the journey to Gettysburg, where he was to make his immortal speech, a very beautiful little girl was lifted to Lincoln's window. She offered him a bunch of rosebuds.

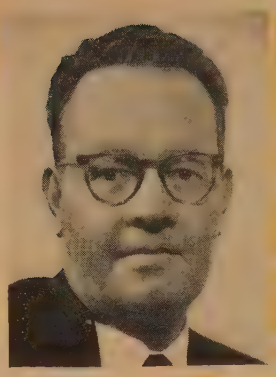
"Flowerth for the Prethident," she said shyly.

Lincoln leaned out of the window and kissed her as he took the flowers.

"You're a sweet rosebud yourself," he told her. "I hope your life will open out into perpetual beauty and goodness."

One of the most vivid pictures I carry in my mind of Lincoln associates him even more intimately with flowers than do these slight incidents. On the morning of the twenty-fifth of April, 1863, the Secretary of War asked the President to review the troops which were going down the Rappahannock from Annapolis. Until noon Lincoln stood on the steps of the Willard Hotel, bareheaded while the troops marched by. All the woods around Washington were white with dogwood blossoms, and a great many of the men wore some of the fragile blooms in their tunics and caps. One of them cast his sprays at the President's feet. Others followed suit, and by the end of the review Lincoln stood knee deep in flowers which he could not see for the tears which filled his eyes.

I like to think of this as the perfect tribute to this backwoodsman with the gigantic soul: flowers from forest trees laid at his feet by the men who loved him as truly as he loved them. And I like to believe that now Nature has made him her own again and that he is a portion of the strength and loveliness of the primeval world which his great soul, during all too short a time, embodied for us.



"Dick" Richmond Barbour, Ph.D.

Teens Together

WITH AN EX-TEEN-AGER

Q. LAST YEAR, as a high-school freshman, I wanted to join a secret club. My parents asked me not to, so I didn't. This year they let me join. Unfortunately, something I did in the initiation was written up in the newspaper. Now my parents say I must resign. I tell them I took an oath to be true to the club all my life. They say the oath was silly. Do you see any way for my parents and me to compromise? —L.A.

A. YES, THERE may be a way. Almost all girls join clubs. However, most are supervised by adults. Secret clubs are risky. Many cause trouble. A foolish initiation is only one of the mistakes secret clubs make.

I suggest that you ask your parents about arranging to have members' mothers sponsor your club. Have at least one of them come to all meetings, parties, and other affairs. Your mothers can give you the guidance you need. If adult sponsorship can't be arranged, disband.

Q. I AM a normal girl of 16; at least, I think I'm normal. I am an only child. My mother wants me to wear "sensible" clothes, meaning old-fashioned. My father asks me not to use make-up. They both objected when I went to see Elvis Presley. I found I couldn't stand him, either. My mother especially seems to hate to see me grow up. At times my father says I might as well be like my friends. Then he will reverse himself and treat me like a child. We've argued a lot. Can you help us?—G.P.

A. MANY PARENTS hate to see their children grow up. They love them and want to protect them. Experience has shown that in most homes good girls should be allowed to dress the way their friends dress; not too extremely, not too conservatively. The same goes for make-up and hairdo. When dating becomes customary, they should be permitted to have dates. They should have about the same allowance their friends receive.

Do you run with a good crowd? Attend decent parties and dances? Date nice boys? Then I suggest that your parents try giving you about the same freedoms your friends have. It's up to you to justify the confidence they'll be showing in you.

Q. HOW CAN a boy be popular with girls? I never have any trouble getting the first dates. But girls won't go out with me again. They say I'm not bad looking, but treat me as though I were a monster from the deep. What do you suggest?—S.L.

A. SEVERAL HUNDRED girls in a large Midwestern city listed the things they liked in the boys they dated. Their answers will give you rules to follow. The girls said they were glad to have dates with boys who:

(1) Asked for the dates far enough ahead so they could make plans. (2) Dressed neatly and were clean. (3) Talked about things in which girls are interested—not always about themselves. (4) Danced reasonably well. (5) Were polite. (6) Didn't get too fresh. (7) Were willing to spend a little money.

Q. I AM a girl, 15. My father died when I was 7. I have a sister who is 12. Our mother married again six months ago. The man she married criticizes the way we talk, walk, eat, and laugh. He will not sit down at the table with us. He won't go to Sunday school or church. We had a terrible time when he learned we were praying about him. We were asking God to help us do the things which would make him like us. Mother loves him, but says she will leave him if we ask her. What shall we do?—J.B.

A. LET ME congratulate you on the intelligent, Christian way you are facing your family problem. Could you girls go with your mother to your minister for counseling? Many stepfathers misunderstand their new children. Perhaps your minister will ask you to arrange for case-work counseling at your nearest Family Service Association office. The best thing would be for your stepfather to go with your mother for counseling. Have your mother ask him.

If he can't change, try to stay away from him. Avoid situations which will cause trouble. Be as pleasant as possible to him. Perhaps you can find some workable compromises in your home. Try to be more mature, gracious and understanding than your stepfather. I think you can do it.

Q. AT 13, I am a new girl in our school. I do not approve of my fellow students. I think young people today are awful. The girls dye their hair and use lipstick. Some smoke. The boys are worse. Weren't students better when my mother was 13? Is there any way I can get along with my fellow students without lowering my standards?—M.A.

A. WE HAVE always had good and bad teen-agers. Humans do not change much from generation to gen-

A Prayer

to make your own

Robert Lewis Stevenson 1850-1894

We beseech thee, Lord,
to behold us with favor . . .
weak men and women subsisting
under the covert of thy patience.
Be patient still;
suffer us yet awhile longer;
with our broken purposes of good,
with our idle endeavors
against evil,
suffer us awhile longer
to endure and (if it may be)
help us to do better.

Bless to us
our extraordinary mercies;
if the day come when these must
be taken, brace us to play the man
under affliction.

Be with our friends,
be with ourselves.
Go with each of us to rest;
if any awake, temper to them the
dark hours of watching; and
when the day returns,
return to us,
our Sun and Comforter,
and call us up with morning faces
and with morning hearts—
eager to labor—
eager to be happy, if happiness
shall be our portion—and if the
day be marked for sorrow,
strong to endure it . . .
Amen.

eration. You can find ways to get along with your classmates without lowering your standards. Talk with your school counselor about it. Are you good in girls' athletics? Students respect someone who can play games well. Are you interested in journalism? See if you can get on the school paper. Are there clubs you would enjoy? Attend the meetings. Try to be a little less critical and a bit friendlier. You'll be happier.

Q *ALL MY life I've had slight hazy spells. I don't fall down, but I lose consciousness. The spells only last a second. Most teachers don't notice them. However, my physical education teacher does. She tells me I may have a form of epilepsy. That scares me! What should I do?—F.J.*

A ASK YOUR parents to make an appointment for you with a medical doctor who specializes in neurology. If you have epilepsy, it should show up when the doctor makes a painless graph of the electrical impulses which course through your brain. If you find you have epilepsy, remember that thousands of others have it, too. Most of them prevent seizures by taking medicine. They live normal lives, marry, have healthy children.

Q *THIS YEAR I'm a high-school freshman. Most of the teachers are in their 50s or 60s. I'm used to younger teachers. Those I'm with this year pick on kids. I used to get grades of A. Now I'm getting C. I never went to a school where there was so much disorder. Is it true that older high-school teachers have more trouble with discipline than younger ones?—J.V.*

A THERE HAVE been studies of high-school discipline. Two groups of teachers have been found to have trouble controlling their classes. The youngest, in their first or second year of teaching, and the oldest, close to retirement. Perhaps your observations are correct. My sympathy is with both the students and the teachers. Each year it gets harder for the elderly teachers to face their classes. Each day is a struggle. They need your help. Try to avoid causing trouble in your classes.

Q *I AM a boy of 17. I stutter. Most of my friends ignore my defect. Occasionally someone teases me. Last night at a party a girl played a recording of that* You-You-You Tell Her *song and dedicated it to me. I went home. I felt as if I wanted to die. What can I do?—E.B.*

A IT IS TOO BAD the elementary school you attended did not have a speech-correction teacher. Your best bet would be to locate a teacher now. Then take private lessons. I suggest you write to your school superintendent. Ask him to give you the name and address of a qualified speech-correction teacher. Most stutterers can overcome their trouble with proper training.

Q *I AM SLENDER, tall and rather keyed up. I'm a freshman in college, have dates every weekend. My problem is my diet. I eat small breakfasts and almost no lunch. Even at dinner I'm not hungry. My folks always plagued me about it. Why does everyone try to force me to eat?—L.N.*

A BECAUSE they love you and want to keep you well. Many slender, busy girls your age are undernourished. They lower their resistance to disease, weaken themselves unnecessarily. I don't suggest that you should become a heavy eater and get fat. Probably by nature you are a light eater. But listen to your doctor.

Q *I AM IN the seventh grade. I belong to a discussion group in church. One of the books we use is* Facts of Life and Love for Teen-Agers. *When my uncle saw the book he said it was unfit for children. The discussion leader says it is a good book. Are you acquainted with it?—H.H.*

A I KNOW the book. It was published by the Association Press. I believe it should be used by the eleventh or twelfth graders, not by seventh graders. For older young folk, it is helpful. There has been some controversy over it. It is published now in paper-bound form, on sale at many newsstands.

●

NOTE TO TEEN-AGERS: *You are invited to write Dr. Barbour. He is head of the counseling department of the San Diego public school system and is an authority on problems of youth. Address Dr. Richmond Barbour, c/o Together, 740 Rush St., Chicago, Ill.*

A sign in the church vestibule invites parishioners and visitors.

Hennepin's main spire rises above the ground Mr. Walker bought for a homesite, then donated to his church.

Mrs. Forshee, wife of an associate pastor, and daughter Jean study "Adoration of the Shepherds," a 17th-century work by Furini.

Art Gallery in a Church

A "PLACE TO SEE" in Minneapolis is the Hennepin Avenue Methodist Church—not only because of the beauty of its soaring gothic lines, but because it houses an art gallery that's more than an art gallery. In rooms and corridors lined with priceless canvases, children attend church school, choirs practice, women's societies meet, couples are married, and babies are christened.

The Walker Gallery of Religious Art is a gift of the late Thomas B. Walker, Methodist layman who prospered from Minnesota's pineries. Almost 300 oils and engravings from European and American masters are in the collection.

Pastor at Hennepin is the Rev. Chester A. Pennington, filling a pulpit that has been graced by a long line of distinguished ministers, including Bishop Richard C. Raines, of Indianapolis, and Dwight E. Loder, president of Garrett Biblical Institute.

"We at Hennepin Avenue are fortunate in having such a generous share of the great tradition of Christian art," says Pastor Pennington. "But churches less favored by benefactions can partake of it too through reproductions of original work of contemporary artists. Church-school and parish-house rooms need not be drab."

"Rebekah at the Well," by Swiss Painter Kauffman, always interests visitors.

"THE ART ROOM, as we call it, is requested for many different church meetings," reports Associate Pastor J. Carlton Forshee. "The paintings give our people a feeling of closeness to the ongoing stream of Christian thought."

Visitors share that feeling. "I never realized how much paintings can add to a church," declared one West Coast Methodist layman after touring the gallery. "I'm going to see about getting some pictures on our church back home."

Now and then out-of-towners comment that modern religious paintings are absent. But most feel the "old masters" come closer to the spirit of true Christianity.

WSCS members meet often in the gallery. Here the Dorcas Circle installs new offic

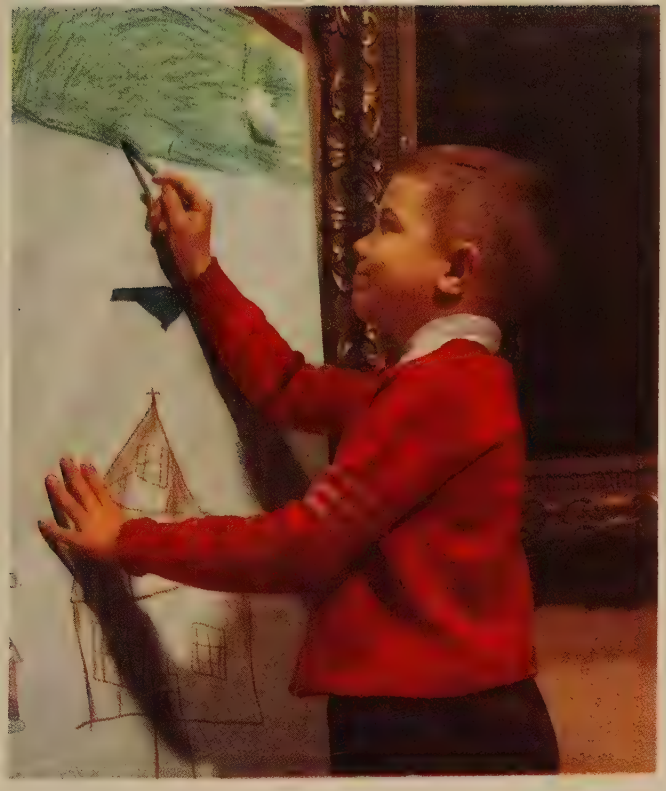
"Abraham and the Three Angels," by the Dutch painter, Martin Van Heemskerk (left), was done about 1532, after visiting Michelangelo in Rome. (Below) is "The Erring Woman," by the Italian Guercino. Renaissance art dominates the Walker gallery.

Church-school classes are finished . . . and the first graders assemble in the main gallery for a song and closing prayer.

EVERY SUNDAY the gallery becomes a church school. "The children just 'accept' works of art as a normal expression of religion," comments one instructor.

"But they have special meaning to me. It almost seems as if I'm working under the eyes of the Great Teacher."

The church-school sessions close with about 100 first graders massed in the center of the art room. The strains of *Jesus Loves Me* die away and the children hurry outside to meet their parents. Folding chairs are stacked beneath the masterpieces, and crude paper cutouts are taken from the sliding bulletin boards. The church school becomes a quiet art gallery again.



Oblivious to the treasure at his elbow, a second grader wielding a crayon creates his own masterpiece.

Mrs. Roger Benson, 10 years a teacher, leads a church-school class beneath "Rebekah at the Well."

The sanctuary choir rehearses in the gallery against a setting of masterpieces dating from the 14th century. Wedding receptions and meetings are held here during the week.

Paintings don't interfere with rehearsals of the church theatrical group. "We like the atmosphere they create," says Carolyn Joyce, the Hennepin drama coach.

he Christmas story re-enacted with a riceless painting as ackdrop. It's "Christ aising Jairus' Daugh-r," by Benjamin West, he American-born ar-st who became a court avorite of England's King George III. West ainted it at the British monarch's own request.

Pastor Pennington shows three Methodists from India "Christ Before Pilate," painted by the Italian, Antonio Ciseri.

CISERI'S 11x17-foot painting is the largest owned by the church. An art critic has commented: "There is a hidden fascination in this picture. We are permitted to stand immediately behind Jesus on the broad portico of the Judgment Hall and see the surging mob just as he saw them. Thus we find ourselves spectators of indeed the greatest drama of the ages."

Save the Pieces

By Ron Broom

Would a wrecking crew, razing old Second Church for a service stati also tear asunder the young pastor's congregation?

FRED ROBERTS—the Rev. Frederick W. Roberts—finished his second cup of tea and arose with the air of a man about to walk the plank.

"I am deathly ill," he said to his wife. "Deathly. And my feet hurt, too. I am obviously in no condition to attend this evening's congregation meeting—or any other kind of fight."

"You are the picture of health," Martha said without a trace of sympathy in her big and beautiful brown eyes.

"Bad hangnail condition, tennis elbow—"

"A strong, handsome, well-conditioned young pastor, in perfect trim for the battle."

"Look, sweetheart, I'm not in the battle. It is my job as minister to be a cohesive force in this situation. It should be my duty to be sort of a moderator, to keep things from going completely haywire while they decide whether to build a new church. Thus, you see, I am a neutral, caught in the nutcracker."

"You are neutral," Martha said

firmly, "in favor of building."

"Well—all right, if you insist on honesty. But it's still my job to stand in the middle and see that this thing doesn't split wide open. With both factions so fired up, the thing could explode." Martha nodded. "All that is expected of you," she said encouragingly, "is the tact of a great diplomat and the wisdom of a supreme-court judge. Come along, old worn and weary. Let's get down there. I'll sit away back and I promise not to say a word."

When they reached the church, the streets were lined with parked cars, as usual, and they cruised for six or eight minutes before they finally found a space, several blocks away. (That was one of the arguments in favor of a new church outside the downtown area.)

They studied the old church on the opposite corner while they waited for the light to change and let them across the seething one-way arterial. It was big, the largest downtown church in the city. It was built of great gray stones stained dark with the years. In the gathering dusk there was an air about it of absolute permanence, and Fred could understand why the thought of its being dismantled to make way for a super-service station hung so heavy on those older members who were determined never to let such a thing happen.

THE DARK OAK pews of the broad, semi-circular sanctuary were almost full when Fred and Martha came in. This would be the critical meeting, and there might even be a final vote tonight. And when he stepped up to the blue-carpeted platform and strode across to the pulpit at the center, he saw that the breach had widened another notch. For now the factions were quite clearly separated. The old-church group was down to his left as he faced them, and the younger group—with many progressive oldsters too—in the section to his right.

Fred held up his hand and bowed his head, and the congregation bowed with him. As he started to speak, a thundering truck boomed past along Fulton Avenue, blotting out his opening words. (That was another of the arguments for a new church.)

He began again. "We ask thee, O Lord, to help us approach our problem this evening, our moment of decision, in thy spirit, in the spirit of tolerance, of brotherhood. . . ."

As he spoke his "Amen," Harold Woodward, the gray-haired, rugged leader of the old-church group, leaped to his feet and shouted for the floor. Wincing at the impact of the opening thrust, Fred motioned for him to wait. He explained that it was logical first to hear a brief résumé of the new-church plans, together with additional information gathered since the last meeting.

Mr. Woodward sat back, scowling and grumbling. Young Bob Curtwright came forward to stand at the microphone and make his presentation. Rapidly he touched on the critical lack of good Sunday-school facilities, on inevitably declining membership, on the impracticability of remodeling the old structure, on the impossibilities of the traffic situation and the way it would grow still worse as Fulton Avenue became part of the expanded through-way system. And he painted a glowing picture of the beautiful new church that could come into being.

"Financially, the prospect is extremely bright. Our offer for this property is $165,000. We have a $15,000 site donated—just five minutes from here out Northern Boulevard. And we have no less than $200,000—specified for new-church construction—pledged by one of our members. We would need to raise just $135,000 to build a half-million-dollar modern edifice, with the finest of facilities, abundant off-street parking, and every other necessary feature of a great and progressive church.

"Against this, it would cost $250,000 to remodel here—not a penny of which we would have to start with—and when the work was finished, if it ever was, we still would have an old church."

The new-church faction applauded. The old-churchers snorted and muttered in discontented counterpoint. Then Harold Woodward got to his feet and, without deigning to seek recognition, stalked down the wide center aisle to the microphone.

"Brothers," he growled, "and I include all of you, brothers and sisters"—a freight truck pounded by, but he raised his voice and ignored the challenge—"because this is a time when our brotherhood runs far deeper than mere dollars and cents as rattled off by a young whippersnapper whose membership here, as compared to those of us who have been the backbone of old Second for decades, is practically nothing—"

Fred interrupted him. "If you please, Mr. Woodward, may I suggest moderation and good fellowship in our discussion—"

"Now look here, Reverend Roberts, I've got the floor and I'm going to talk, and you're not going to shut me up, no matter whose side you're on."

"I don't want to shut you up. I simply suggest that we avoid name-calling."

"Some people," Mr. Woodward yelled, "deserve to be called names, when they start scheming to rip grand old Second Church right out from under us."

He swung into a spree of old-fashioned oratory, with his faction of adamant oldsters nodding at every crescendo.

"What is wrong with this grand sanctuary—roomy, well-lighted, filled with the reverence of the generations? This is home.

"And furthermore," he stated in a rousing finale, "this isn't our church to monkey around with anyhow. This is God's church. We've got no right to sell it out and let them rip her down for a gasoline station."

The old guard applauded in stern and sober approval. There were scattered amens. On the right, there were headshakes and smiles, and there was

Announcement

A baby came to our house,
A tiny little dame,
Her hair and teeth are missing,
But we'll keep her just the same.

—Ruth K. Kent

bit of mild applause to indicate a certain grudging admiration for Harold Woodward's unshakable stubbornness.

The debate raged into full sway. "Staying here made no practical sense. . . . Moving away made less sense. . . . An old building—even God's building—eventually outlives its usefulness. . . . A new building, full of shiny gadgets and modern flavor, would have none of old Second's warm feeling of hallowedness. . . . We love old Second with all our heart and soul. . . . We could love a new Second just as deeply. . . . We couldn't either."

Fred sat with his head bowed, his hands over his face. He was searching the soul of young Reverend Fred Roberts, and perhaps that was a form of prayer.

What had he learned in his study of theology that would make him big enough to handle this kind of task? Where did the instruction lie that would let him rise to this greatest challenge of his ministry?

And then, somewhere out of the harsh babble of the debate, he plucked a vagrant seed . . . just a notion. But before he could explore it, Harold Woodward leaped suddenly out of his pew and clapped his hat on top of his gray head—the first time Fred could remember ever having seen a hat worn inside the sanctuary by a man.

"Come on!" Mr. Woodward shouted, beckoning to those close around him. "Let's get out of here! We don't belong. We're just nobody. That's the way they act. Well—we aren't a-going to take it!"

A dozen or more arose and started to follow as he stalked up the aisle.

"Wait, if you please!" Fred pleaded. Mr. Woodward's army marched on, apparently bound on leaving old Second for good and all. "Wait, Mr. Woodward!"

Fred's voice carried, and Mr. Woodward turned to glare at him. Only then did the angered old gentleman realize that his hat was contributing very little to the hallowed atmosphere of old Second.

"Please stay a few moments," Fred urged. "I ask it as your pastor. I have a telephone call to make, and it may help solve this problem."

He rushed down the steps and out to his study. He called the manager of the company that sought this property so eagerly.

"Mr. Blair," Fred said, "it is absolutely vital for me to review some of the details of the deal you have proposed to our board, and I'm in a rush. I understand, by the way, that you're in a rush too."

"We certainly are. But we have agreed—reluctantly, I needn't add—that you would retain possession until you could occupy the new church."

"And when we did move, you would take over everything here except certain equipment."

"That's right. The organ, and some other items definitely specified."

"How about the exterior stone?"

Mr. Blair hesitated, warily. "It's valuable as salvage. It's worth a lot of money at today's prices."

"All right. Now, suppose we could rent an auditorium for temporary use, and let you in here months earlier than otherwise? Could we have the stone?"

Again Mr. Blair was silent, for what seemed like minutes. Finally he answered: "If it meant a deal, yes. We would even have the stone cleaned off and hauled. That's how eager we are."

"Thank you. That's all I wanted to know."

FRED HURRIED back out to the pupit, to find that the younger group was talking it over: "If the old stick-in-the-muds want to stay here and go to seed, let 'em. *We'll* walk out."

And the oldsters: "If Fred Roberts and the district superintendent and the rest are going to let these young upstarts boss the show, we'll get out and we'll stay out. For good and all."

"Mr. Woodward," Fred said solemnly, "I'd like to put a question to you—to all of you who love this church too much to give it up. First of all, I know you will agree—you must agree—that the spirit of Second would go wherever its people went. Understand, I'm saying the spirit."

Cautiously Mr. Woodward arose. Fred crossed his fingers behind the pulpit.

"Well, now," Mr. Woodward replied, "that's conceivable. That's possible." He breathed deeply, and glanced around for moral support.

"Spirit then," Fred goaded, "is indeed the essence of the church?"

Slowly Mr. Woodward shook his head, and he raised his voice again. "Now let's put it this way," he challenged. "Spirit isn't everything—not with us. No sir. We love old Second right down to the last inch of her. We love the sinews old Second is made of."

"Good," Fred answered. "So do I. So do we all."

Next he looked to the right. "And now, Mr. Curtwright, let me ask you a question. Suppose we should build. Is there any real reason why the grand old stones of our present walls could not somehow be used in the new church?"

Bob Curtwright looked around at his committee members. They seemed startled by the possibility, as simple an idea as it was. There was some hasty whispering, and some head-nodding. . . . Stone was stone, and imperishable, and these great gray stones—

All at once the young spokeman smiled. "I might be taking some enormous liberties with our architect's ideas. I'm sorry he couldn't be here this evening to answer the question. And I might be overstepping my own authority here. But I have a feeling that every one of us would be delighted to move a cherished part of this church to the new one. You must understand"—he glanced in Mr. Woodward's direction—"that we love our church too."

"Mr. Woodward," Fred said, "will you people give this point some earnest thought? Will you try to visualize a new church in which these mighty stones somehow will carry a part of the load? Just as you, the proven pillars of old Second, have carried a great share of our load for so long? And later I'd like to call for a vote."

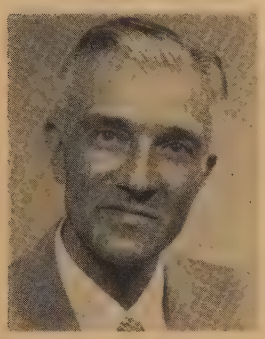
"Well, now," said Mr. Woodward stoutly, and he stopped there.

A welling new hum of discussion rose around him, and now it had a different timbre. The sensitive ear of a pastor, even a fresh young pastor, could detect every nuance of tone in such a gathering. Fred bowed his head for a moment. When he looked up again, that dividing line in front of him, the center aisle, somehow looked pleasantly narrower.

HOW DO MINISTERS

Fees Are Like Tips: Should Be Unnecessary

SAYS Rev. Lester Sprenger of Maywood, Ill.



I FEEL somewhat the same about fees as I feel about tips and discounts: I wish we could do away with them. All who rely on tips for a livable income should be paid a decent wage, and the cost added to patrons' bills.

Why, too, should any group be favored by receiving discounts? It is usually those who have plenty of money or rate preference who get discounts, not the common workmen. Of course, there are firms that give discounts to everybody, but why have discounts at all?

A minister should be paid a decent salary and render all expected services without being tipped—which is what a fee amounts to. Most fees come from weddings and funerals, services ministers are expected to render in line of duty—indeed, they are the privileged functions of the church. I believe these services should be given free to the supporting members of one's church.

Those who claim membership but do not support the church should pay a rental for the sanctuary which includes the services of minister and organist. Those who are not members should pay for the privilege of being married in the church.

I have indicated that what goes for the minister goes for the organist. The organist should be paid a salary sufficient to cover all extras in the church, most of which are weddings and funerals.

Soloists and reception services, of course, are special cases, calling for separate settlements.

The cost of a minister's services to inactive members or non-members for weddings and funerals should be paid, not to the minister but to the church, to reimburse it for the time consumed by the pastor.

Add up the money people spend on weddings and funerals—the cost of flowers, clothing, caskets, food and drink, and all the other money paid to non-church organizations. Compare this to the insignificant amount they pay minister and church for the services that are the heart of the matter. When I think of these things, I feel it is time for the non-church and inactive members to stop their sponging on the church.

All these considerations hinge on paying the preacher a good salary. In one sense, fees replace the food and clothing that used to be given in lieu of a decent salary.

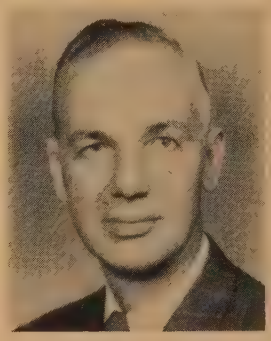
There is, however, a real place for doing those lovely, extra things above the call of duty. One would not want to discourage such practices. Thoughtful, appreciative gifts always are in order, and a grateful note or a warm-hearted word is priceless.

We who preach a God who has no pets and desires to give himself equally to all his children should do all we can to remove from society the special-favor practices—including fees and discounts.

Our world needs the gospel of responsible and impartial togetherness, such as the first Christians experienced. Of them, the Scripture says, "(They) were together and had all things in common." (Acts 2:44)

Three Rules for Pastors

FROM Rev. Truman W. Potter of Charleston, W. Va.



AN increasing problem to the sensitive minister is money given for services relating to funerals, weddings, and Baptisms.

The idea probably started in the days of food poundings, missionary barrels, and store discounts which helped to compensate for the minister's inadequate salary. Today, fees are increasingly in evidence.

The only reason for discussing the matter is what fees do to the minister. There are a few unwritten rules that need revision.

Rule 1: It is usually acceptable to take a wedding fee, but not for a funeral, certainly not from one's members.

Why should we expect a young couple just starting out to give a fee while most funerals are from among older, more established people? Most funeral fees represent family or group giving, not the giving of one groom.

Rule 2: Non-members may give fees, but not members of one's church. Services for members are expected to be free. People give for two reasons: financial abundance, and a spirit of love and appreciation for the service. Should we accept or reject the fee, then, on the basis of the spirit of the giver, or on whether the donor is a member?

FEEL ABOUT FEES?

Rule 3: Many people feel that we should use fees for charity, books, or in some similar way.

All of us have traveled miles to make hospital calls during a long illness, and in the end have seen the doctor receive hundreds of dollars for his services and even nurses $15 for each eight-hour shift. At the funeral, the organist, soloist, and sometimes the janitor receive $5 to $10.

Later the minister may receive $10, only to feel obligated to return it to someone. I feel that many a layman gets psychological salve from the fees he offers for "extra services."

Such situations sometimes lead to "milking" for fees. One minister boasted that he had a stand-in with the undertaker for all "non-church-related" burials. Sometimes "milking" may be done by special attention when the service is conducted.

We all want our relationships with people to be above the mercenary level. Could we serve as well and willingly if fees were eliminated entirely? Or with inflation and many inadequate salaries, are the fees to remain?

For most of us, the question of fees offers temptation. On the staff of my church each minister shares equally in all fees received. However, each individual decides how and when he accepts fees for services he renders.

I Do Accept the Funeral Gift

SAYS Rev. Clarence F. Avey of Athol, Mass.

PERSONALLY, throughout my 28 years of parish ministry, I have had no scruples about accepting money tendered for conducting a memorial service at the time of death.

Several types call upon a minister for his services at a funeral. One is the loyal church member, whose life has been so much in the spirit of Christian living that the memorial is a fitting climax to a good life. Others, while church members, are so far out on the fringe that the words scarcely apply. Still others are wholly outside the circle of Christian fellowship.

In whatever case, the people concerned are anxious to make some recognition of the church through the man who has represented it in this solemn function. The gift is no attempt to pay the minister, but rather a visible recognition of gratitude for a valued service.

This fee, if we may call it such, is not a "charge," nor indeed is any sum expected. Where poverty or financial hardship are involved, I return the fee with a personal expression of sympathy. Custom has determined this matter of presenting the minister a gift. It would seem in most instances to be more embarrassing to refuse than to accept.

If one refuses the funeral gift, I feel he should never take any honorarium for any service. When the minister appears as a man of God, representing the church in any public service or function, he acts in his capacity as an ordained clergyman, with all the meaning and distinction that the office implies. What he does on all these occasions has a sacramental significance. If he is to make an exception in one area, why not in all?

The funeral service is, of course, a unique ministry. Every minister looks upon it as his most exacting and helpful act of the pastoral office. Here, if ever, he acts as God's representative among the people.

The idea of receiving money is foreign to the spirit of our calling. However, custom determines some things, and in this instance it would create more difficulties and misunderstandings to refuse than to receive the gift. If it were possible to obtain common action, the custom might be changed. I feel, however, that no compromise is made with the essential spirit of our ministry if the minister accepts the courtesy gift.

If the minister desires to dedicate this money to some hallowed purpose, that is within his province. This may be a way of solving the problem for pastors whose consciences trouble them about receiving such money.

Fees Should Be Taboo for Funeral Services

***DECLARES* Rev. Paul Worley of Emory University, Ga.**

ORDINARILY "NO," although there may be rare exceptions. This would seem to be the best answer for a preacher who serves a pastoral charge. As a shepherd of the flock, he seeks to express God's love for his people. A preacher's aim is to reflect the compassionate care which Christ displayed toward sorrow among his parishioners. To accept a fee for such care at the time of death would tend toward a professionalized priesthood meting out commercialized comfort to the bereaved. As parish ministers, we usually are provided with housing and an adequate income without having to depend on fees.

An encounter with death is one of

SWEEPING STATEMENTS

by SAM the Sexton

Behind every argument there's somebody's ignorance.

Some folks argue religion like they had some.

You can't get ahead without one on your shoulders.

The best way to do away with criminals is to stop raising them.

While it takes a magician to get a rabbit out of a hat, any fool can let the cat out of the bag.

Women had fewer rights in the old days . . . and they killed fewer husbands.

Some folks are now paying their installments on the installment plan.

A lot of folks are willing to take the world as it is . . . if they can have it all.

Too many folks are broadcasting who should be tuning in.

Some folks are like fences . . . they run around a lot without getting anywhere.

Folks who keep up with the neighbors generally get behind with their creditors.

The trouble with taxes is that you've got to pay them.

The trouble with the average man is he seldom increases his average.

If all nations were square enough to make the United Nations work, they could get along wthout it.

Hard work never killed a man, but it sure has scared a lot of them lately.

There are several good ways to guarantee failure. Never taking a chance is one of the most successful.

It is sad to see so many young fellows wasting their money and not be able to help them.

Minding the other fellow's business is a sure cure for popularity.

life's most moving experiences. The pastor has the privilege of sharing these crucial hours in a spirit of understanding and sympathy. His sensitive and reassuring presence, his calm and helpful counsel, his confidence as spokesman and servant of God transcend payment of a fee.

Our culture is saturated with the price-tag philosophy that money can buy anything. Even death has been so commercialized that one can hardly afford to die. Now and again, pastor and people need to share in something that is without price. The preacher's depth of feeling in ministering to trembling hearts may become priceless. Such a ministry may open doors of heaven to experiences of God that will be treasured forever. Ministering to non-members in such a spirit may provide an entree for God and his Church into hitherto-indifferent hearts.

Since acceptance of a fee may jeopardize such an experience, the wise pastor will discourage its slightest intimation.

We should flee from every impression of fee grabbing. For whether it is a motorcycle cop, a lawyer, or a preacher, fee grabbing is degrading. (Older editions of the Methodist Ritual included under "Baptism" the statement, "We will make no charge for administering the Sacrament of Baptism," and under "The Burial of the Dead," "We will make no charge for burying the dead." These have been omitted from later editions. —Eds.)

On the other hand, flexibility must characterize the pastoral ministry. There may be rare exceptions to the rule. Sometimes tender feelings of appreciation break forth into expression that denies rejection—an irresistible token of a grateful heart.

There may be cases which are above and beyond the normal parish responsibility, rare situations involving long trips with overnight stops or distant plane flights. In such cases, if a check toward extra expenses is forthcoming, one may feel justified in accepting it. However, within the parish when payment is extended, a kind refusal will enhance the effectiveness of one's ministry and extend the realm of one's usefulness.

William A. Keese
Baltimore, Maryland

William Henry Hobbs
Tucson, Arizona

Light Unto My Path

WEEKLY MEDITATIONS ON THE INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS

For I tell you, unless your righteousness exceeds that of the scribes and Pharisees, you will never enter the kingdom of heaven.—Matthew 5:20

THERE is a world of difference between a decorated Christmas tree and an apple tree bending down with its luscious fruit. Or between a feminine face artfully made up with cosmetics and a face with the healthy glow of youth and vitality. The Pharisees were good people. They were orthodox, patriotic, scrupulous in the observance of the law. But their religion was more of a load than a lift. Nor was there much zest or joy in it.

Their tribe is not extinct. Some defenders of the faith show little Christian humility or love. One parishioner would not read the Sunday paper, nor would she pay her maid a decent wage! Another stood up in meeting to call for the "simple gospel," and afterward did not hesitate to gossip.

The true disciples of Jesus go far beyond such negative morality. Their goodness is not something artificially attached like ornaments on a tree; it is the fruit of their inner life. They have found the well of water that springeth up into everlasting life.

PRAYER: Grant us new life within, O Lord, that men may see in us the wholesome fruit of the Spirit. Amen.

—WILLIAM A. KEESE

And behold, they brought to him a paralytic, lying on his bed; and when Jesus saw their faith, he said to the paralytic, "Take heart, my son; your sins are forgiven."—Matt. 9:2

I BELIEVE that the healing power of God can come to men through the faith of their friends.

I have seen the weight of the guilt of sin paralyze the physical body of a woman until she was powerless to move without someone carrying her.

I have seen the love and compassion of such friends for this woman as is told of here in Matthew.

I have stood at her bedside in the midst of these friends, and I have seen the power of God through Jesus Christ release that woman.

I have baptized her, accepted her into membership in the Church, and watched her witness with her life to the healing power of God's forgiveness.

I believe that the healing power of God can come to men through the faith of their friends.

PRAYER: Our compassionate Father, purge our hearts of the hatred, the fears, the bitterness that cut off thy healing power to men of little faith. Amen.

—WILLIAM HENRY HOBBS

Then he said to his disciples, "The harvest is plentiful, but the laborers are few; pray therefore the Lord of the harvest to send out laborers into his harvest."—Matthew 9:37, 38

WILBUR WRIGHT, co-inventor of the airplane, once wrote to his sister from France, saying, "This morning I went down to the cathedral at the ten o'clock service. The only part of the service I could really understand and participate in was the collection."

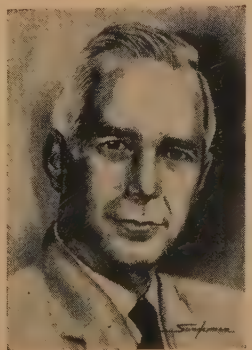
Most of us understand when it comes to the collection, the gathering-in, the harvest; and when it is a big one, we not only understand but rejoice.

Jesus was thinking of the harvest of souls when he looked across the plains that day with their white fields. He saw several things clearly:

First, that men are ready and eager to respond to God's loving purpose.

Second, that the multitudes of the world can be won to his way, provided there are enough reapers.

Third, that in the harvest of souls prayer is a cru-



John W. McKelvey
Lansdowne, Pennsylvania

Paul A. Duffey
Montgomery, Alabama

Dr. Rall Answers Your Questions

Harris Franklin Rall
Professor Emeritus, Garrett Biblical Institute.

Q What is a saint?

The word "saint," as we use it and as used in the New Testament, has two meanings: one who belongs, or one who is made over.

The first meaning is not common, but the word was often used this way by New Testament writers. From Rome, Paul wrote the Philippians: "All the saints greet you, especially those of Caesar's household." He also wrote to "the saints at Colossae."

The Germans translate "saints" as "holy ones." "Holy" has the same double meaning. It usually means "righteous in character and judgment" or "godly." It also means "that which belongs to God" or is "dedicated to God." In this sense every true Christian is a saint.

Actually, we have come to use the word almost exclusively in the second sense: a saint is one who is made over in the spirit of Christ.

Can we think, then, of the rank and file of Christians as saints? Yes. So far as they are really Christians, followers of Christ, children of God, they are saints. To put it more exactly, they are saints in the making.

Q Do Methodists have saints?

Yes, of course. The Roman Catholic Church has an elaborate procedure of creating a "saint" in the special significance of the word it uses. But Methodists and most Protestants prefer the word in original scriptural usage. People who truly are Christians are saints. They are not a special group, formally designated as such (or canonized), with a special day assigned to each for observance by our church.

A saint, by our definition, may be very humble, known only to a few. In my boyhood days I knew such a person. He was a pastor, supporting a large family on a meager salary of a frontier preacher. He loved his people and served them, preaching the Gospel faithfully and with his wife making a real Christian home. Both he and his wife were saints, in the Methodist tradition.

I have known many saints, as a matter of fact. So have you.

Some were in humble walks of life; some were prominent.

More than all this, the saints of Christian history are ours. For we are not primarily a Methodist church, but a *Christian* church. There is no real reason why we should not call a Methodist church St. Paul's or St. John's or St. Peter's.

Q How do people become saints?

Certainly not by a single act on the part of the person, or by some single experience of God's transforming power. Of course, there are notable single experiences.

But what is basic here is simple and concerns us all. It is belonging and being made over.

A Christian—a saint—is one who belongs. He gives himself day by day in faith and fellowship, in love and service. That is the way by which God makes us over into true children . . . into saints.

A QUESTION FOR DR. RALL?

Would you like to direct a query on Methodist theology or practice to Professor Harris Franklin Rall? Address him in care of TOGETHER.

cial factor—not a substitute for hard work but a necessary force in bringing in the fruits of the kingdom.

Fourth, that the world needs laborers to cultivate and harvest the priceless values of the soul.

Such laborers are more than ordinary toilers; they are "laborers together with God"!

PRAYER: Gracious Savior, we desire nothing so much as to draw near to thee and to spend and be spent for thy sake. Reveal to our hearts the power of thy gospel and show us the way to achieve blessing and lead others to victory. Teach us to deny ourselves, to give ourselves in seeking to labor in thy vineyard. Amen.

—JOHN W. McKELVEY

Come to me, all who labor and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you, and learn from me; for I am gentle and lowly in heart, and you will find rest for your souls.—Matthew 11:28, 29

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN once expressed his intention of founding his own church, to be called "The Society of the Free and Easy." Such desire expresses man's temptation to seek peace through inactivity. Such peace is a delusion. Our deeper experience teaches us that neither self-indulgence nor inactivity can provide real peace.

Most of us are weary and heavy-laden—not from overwork, but from confusion and anxiety. We grow tired by reason of our unceasing efforts to short-circuit God's will and our foredoomed attempts to maintain mere minimum righteousness. We are defeated in spirit by the heavy demands of legalized religion. Our deliverance is not to be found in either a pillbox or any new edition of an old wive's tale.

Jesus offers abiding peace in his invitation. It is the peace of a single authoritative voice. He lays on us one consuming burden—the yoke of love. Our weakness is joined with God's strength, and thereby our burden is made light. The end of all our strivings is given unto his hands. In him is our peace.

PRAYER: Our Father, we lay on thee our fret and care and ask for the gift of abiding peace. Grant us holy purpose, patience, and power. May thy presence be our rest and strength. In Jesus' name. Amen.

—PAUL A. DUFFEY

In Seven Wonders of the World, *sun-bathing Indian elephants stop a railroad train to Darjeeling in the Himalayas.*

Barnabas and his

LOOKS AT NEW BOOKS

SINCE World War II, a certain type of exciting adventure story has been missing from the new-book shelves—and a huge stack of once-wonderful books comes tumbling down. For this I blame the airplane. Flying everywhere over our earth, it has displaced fantasy with fact.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle was wrong—there is no *Lost World* of prehistoric monsters. Byrd didn't find a tropical paradise created by volcanic fires and hot springs in the icy wastes near the South Pole. The worlds of **H. Rider Haggard** were only dreams, for sure.

American boys in the South Seas found war, disease and death among the *Faery Islands* of **Nordhoff** and **Hall.** Communist China may be the new world menace, but it has produced no fictional rascal to match **Sax Rohmer's** Fu Manchu (my favorite villain). And any TV viewer knows that the real Pygmies of Africa are giants measured by the little people of **Swift's** *Gulliver's Travels.*

Of course, Barnabas never *really* believed all those wonderful old fantasies—but they were delightful reading and it was nice to think such people, places and things *might* exist. If you think, however, there is no romance and adventure left on our planet, look at some of the recent crop of new books.

Radio was young and television but a glint in an inventor's eye when I first heard Lowell Thomas' pleasant "Good evening, everyone" on an old battery set back on the farm. Now radio is old and television is young—but **Lowell Thomas** just keeps rolling along like Old Man River. His latest book, *Seven Wonders of the World* (Hanover, 412 pp, $6.95, 100 pictures, many in color) came out about the time his Cinerama movie of the same name hit the Technicolor screen.

What are these new wonders? This column won't tell—but can you name the original seven wonders? Here they are: the Hanging Gardens of Babylon, the statue of Zeus at Olympia, the Colossus of Rhodes, the Pharos lighthouse, the Temple of Diana, the tomb of King Mausolus, and the pyramids. Of these, only the pyramids remain.

While the senior Thomas saw wonders afar, **Lowell, Jr.** and his wife, **Tay,** hopped about the planet in a light airplane. Their *Our Flight to Adventure* (Doubleday, 318 pp, $5.95), is an aerial odyssey over three continents.

The young couple visit the Pygmies, the tall Watusi, live with desert nomads, see a skyscraper city built of sun-dried bricks, enter the Hunza valley, have a few anxious moments in the air when young Thomas' confidence in his prowess as a flier overrules his better judgment. But the two return safely to prospective parenthood—which will probably become the greatest adventure of them all.

Man builds. The winds, rains, and

From the jacket of Tales of Adventure, *by Jack London.*

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sands erase his works. Even the pyramids must yield to time. It was **M. Zakaria Goneim,** an Egyptian archaeologist, who put forth the theory that at least one of the pyramids may have already succumbed to the shifting sands. He set out to prove his theory —and unearthed a 4,500-year-old pyramid in the desert!

The Lost Pyramid (Rinehart, 175 pp, $3.50) is Goneim's factual story of his search for and discovery of, a pyramid built nearly 3,000 years before Christ. Not of intense general interest to everyone, perhaps, but a natural for the budding archaeologist or the lover of antiquities.

The Bible was hardly new when **Thomas Carlyle** (1795-1881) wrote his thimble-sized review. "A noble book!" he declared, as if he had just discovered it. "All men's book! It is our first, oldest statement of the never-ending problem —man's destiny, and God's way with him here on earth; and all in such free-flowing outlines—grand in its sincerity; in its simplicity and its epic melody."

I saw an eight-year-old boy listen intently to every word his mother read as the hour of his favorite television program came and passed unnoticed.

"Read just one more, Mother," he insisted all evening.

Mrs. Barnabas was reading from *Story Talks from Animal Life* by **Jacob J. Sessler** (Fleming H. Revell Co., 128 pp., $2), a collection of 35 animal stories with a religious flavor. Sessler is a minister (Reformed Church of America) and, as Henry Ward Beecher once did, uses nature to illustrate the great truths of Christianity.

This led the eight-year-old on a search for more nature-animal books and finally to the special department you'll find on another page.

Methodism owes much to Susanna Wesley. Maybe you will agree that Methodism owes *everything* to this accomplished woman who was born in England nearly 300 years ago and mothered 19 children.

Dr. Adam Clark, a distinguished student of Wesleyana, wrote, "She was a tender mother, a wise and invaluable friend. Several of her children were eminent and he [John, founder of Methodism] who excelled all the rest, owed, under God, at least one-half of his excellencies to the instructions of his mother. If it were not unusual to apply such an epithet to a woman, I would not hesitate to say she was an able divine."

The extent of Susanna's understanding and deeply religious convictions comes home in *The Prayers of Susanna Wesley,* edited and arranged by **W. L. Doughty** (Philosophical Library, 63 pages, $2.50). Her life abounded in tragedy, hardship, ill health. Yet her attitude was always positive. In one of her prayers she thanks God "because in the whole course of my life there have been more mercies than afflictions and much more pleasure than pain. Though I have suffered pain and bodily infirmities, I have likewise enjoyed great intervals of rest and ease."

John Wesley's mother was extremely methodical—and bequeathed that trait to him. At Oxford, he was leader of a little club of serious-minded young men. Non-members dubbed them Methodists. **Umphrey Lee** and **William Warren Sweet** tell about this campus club in *A Short History of Methodism* (Abingdon, 160 pp., $2):

"They met together, studied the classics and devotional works, pooled their funds to help the poor, and ministered to unfortunates in jail. Their name of Methodists may have come from the regularity with which they attended church services and particularly the sacrament of the Lord's Supper."

For a one-volume history of Methodism, none is better. Both authors are able. Lee is chancellor of Southern Methodist University; Sweet is a former president of the American Society of Church History, and has taught in a number of Methodist-related schools.

Leo Cherne takes a brief look into the future on page 20 of this issue. For a long look at the past look up **Eric Sloane's** *American Yesterday* (Wilfred Funk, 123 pp., $3.95). Grandpa didn't have it so bad after all, Sloane concludes after rummaging through our national attic.

Great grandfather had hardships, of course. Some of them were in church. America's early meeting houses were unheated even in the coldest weather, the benches were "the hardest and most uncomfortable in the world," and services which began at 9 A.M. usually continued until dusk. Many a preacher delivered his sermon in greatcoat, ear muffs, gloves, and muffler. But great-grandfather didn't seem to mind this hardship!

"Today the white spires of yesterday's churches are among the few remaining symbols of America's past," Sloane writes. "The church and the farm were once pieces of each day's activity, but now they are becoming refuges. Whether it is the suburbanite whose big church day is Sunday or the city person who stops by during lunch hour to pray, there is always an element

escape from the business world. Perps great grandfather overdid his religon with long graces at the table and oup Bible readings before bedtime, t he derived more of God as a way of e than he could by regarding him ly as a refuge."

Sloane illustrates his book with drawgs of weather vanes, cradles, and so —a lead-on for the man with a sement workshop.

On the afternoon of May 3, 1918, the of of a tunnel collapsed in France and ht men were trapped for dreadful urs by thousands of tons of rock and t. Among them was **Pierre van assen,** a Dutchman.

When help finally arrived, van Paasn staggered out more dead than alive. hen and there he made a vow.

"I am going to make a trip of my n," he said. "I am going to make a grimage to Palestine. I am going to lk over the roads where Jesus walked my bare feet. I am going to do nance . . ."

A Pilgrim's Vow (Dial Press, 344 ., $4) is the story of that strange rney. Van Paassen presents an intiate picture of the Holy Land. He kes you to Nazareth, for example, here he sees two boys helping a carnter outside a shop—and he thinks, his is just such a shop as Joseph d." On the way down from the ount of Olives, he tears his hand on e same kind of thorn that made Jesus' own; he stands on the shore of the a of Galilee, and he visits the site of cient Jericho, where the walls came mbling down.

Interested?

If like Barnabas you're a **Dorothy anfield Fisher** fan, you enjoyed reading her "As Ye Sow—," the Reader's Choice" selection in last onth's TOGETHER. The little masterece turns up again in a new book, *A Harvest of Stories* by Dorothy Canfield isher (Harcourt, Brace, 352 pp., $5). he has been writing short stories of istinction for 50 years, long ago proved erself a master at portraying the peole she loves and understands.

In the same mail came **Martha Foey's** annual *The Best American Short tories of 1956* (Houghton Mifflin, 368 p., $4). This anthology, I do believe, not on a par with Mrs. Fisher's colction, but maybe you'll disagree beause tastes vary. That's what keeps ife and romance interesting, as the ld saying goes. Many of Miss Foley's lections are from such magazines as *The New Yorker* and *Atlantic Monthly.*

'Created He Them'

Illustrations from *All About Dinosaurs* and *Insects and Their World*

INSECTS and THEIR WORLD by **Carrol Lane Fenton** and **Dorothy Constance Pallas** (John Day, 95 pages, $2.95). Of all the animals that live on the earth, insects are the largest group. Carroll Fenton's remarkably clear and accurate drawings make this book especially appealing. Miss Pallas, while writing informatively, has succeeded in producing a readable book. Fourth and fifth graders should be able to handle this one alone.

ALL ABOUT SNAKES by **Bessie M. Hecht** (Random House, 143 pp., $1.95). Many persons grow up with a cultivated fear of snakes. This can become a serious phobia. The author cuts through fears and fancies to the facts about the snake—an animal that hears through ground vibrations, smells with its tongue, sleeps with eyes open. Stamped with an evil reputation since the Garden of Eden, the snake is extremely useful to man. **Rudolf Freund's** illustrations are outstanding.

STRANGE BEASTS OF THE PAST by **Roy Chapman Andrews** (Random House, 146 pp., $1.95). The tar pits of the world went to work for the scientist hundreds of thousands of years ago, capturing and preserving such animals as the saber-toothed tiger, the giant mastodon, tiny horses hardly bigger than a cat. Andrews, a well-known scientist and explorer, was for many years director of the American Museum of Natural History in New York. **Matthew Kalmenoff,** who illustrates the book, is noted for his scientific exhibits and murals.

THE BOOK OF REPTILES AND AMPHIBIANS, written and illustrated by **Michael H. Bevans** (Garden City, 122 pp., $2.50). This is the most beautiful book of the lot because it pictures in full color the world of reptiles and amphibians—in all, well over 100 species. Recommended as a book for the budding zoologist, or as a useful field and identification guide for anyone interested in the animal world.

ALL ABOUT DINOSAURS by **Roy Chapman Andrews** (Random House, 146 pp., $1.95). Just try to keep your youngster out of this book! Even if he can't read, there are pictures by **Thomas W. Voter** on just about every-other page. Dinosaurs lived long before man appeared on earth, but scientists find their bones and footprints—even their eggs—buried in the earth. The author himself discovered the first dinosaur eggs known to science while on an expedition into the Gobi Desert in central Asia.

ALL ABOUT BIRDS by **Robert S. Lemmon** (Random House, 146 pp., $1.95). It is estimated by scientists that there are about one hundred billion birds on the earth—many more birds than people, in fact. Lemmon gives an overall picture of the bird world, from the ostrich, which may weigh 300 pounds, to the tiny hummingbird which weighs no more than the letter on which you stick a three-cent stamp. The illustrations are by **Fritz Kredel.**

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High in the Andes, a mountain climber slips and falls. His feet catch in a rope and he hangs suspended, head down, over empty space Death is seconds away.

"This is it," **T. de Booy** remarks to companions who can't reach him in time. "It's all over with us!" Then he falls.

The Dutchman's body plunges 300 feet to an icy slope. The man gets to his feet, none the worse except for a scratched nose and an aching back. The expedition goes on to scale 21,000-foot Mount Huantsan, said to have been the last supreme challenge of the South American mountain chain.

"It was a strange sensation, to become conscious that I was going to die," de Booy writes. "Oddly enough, I felt calm and untroubled by pangs of fear. Death seemed so inevitable that I simply accepted my lot. . . . If there had been the slightest chance of surviving, I should no doubt have been terribly scared. But I felt no apprehension; only a feeling of relief, coupled with curiosity as to what death would be like."

This is a sample of the reading to be found in *Challenge of the Andes* by de Booy and **C. G. Egeler** (McKay, 203 pp., $4.50). I held on to the arms of my chair while reading it. Mountain climbing scares me stiff, but I find books on the subject hypnotic. This one gave me an especially long and pleasant shudder. And it has some of the finest photography I've ever seen.

Zane Grey died in 1939—but he's the author of a new book published every year. How can that be? Well, he was so prolific that the backlog of his unpublished work won't be exhausted until 1960. *Riders of the Purple Sage* is most popular among fans. But the author preferred *Wanderer of the Wasteland.*

Charles Kingsley, English clergyman-author (1819-1875), believed there is nothing—with the exception of a living person—more wonderful than a book. Books, he said, carry "a message to us from the dead—from human souls we never saw, who lived, perhaps, thousands of miles away. And yet these, in those little sheets of paper, speak to us, arouse us, terrify us, teach us, comfort us, open their hearts to us as brothers."

Helen and Larry Eisenberg make their home among the rolling hills of Brentwood, a suburban community near Nashville, Tenn. They make their living having fun—and helping others have fun.

Their *Omnibus of Fun* (Association Press, 625 pp., $7.95) is the biggest book to cross my desk this month, jam packed as it is with thousands of games skits, and stunts. My Tennessee friend Webb B. Garrison, a frequent contributor to TOGETHER, tells me that church school, and civic groups should have this one in their libraries.

The Eisenbergs know whereof they write. Larry is an ordained Methodist minister who spends most of his time writing, teaching, counseling, lecturing. Helen is a MYF counselor when she isn't collaborating with her husband and taking care of their three children.

Here's one picked up from a publicity release about *The Trouble With the Irish* by **Leonard Patrick O'Connor Wibberley** (Henry Holt, $3). It seems an Irishman sentenced to execution slipped on the wet steps leading to the scaffold. "These d—n Protestants will be the death of me yet!" he announced cheerfully.

Dr. Roy L. Smith, another regular contributor to our magazine, writes with enthusiasm after reading *Asbury Wilkinson, Pioneer Preacher* by **Rodney Cline** (Vantage Press, $2.50):

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- Failure is the line of least persistence.
  —*Dr. A. P. Keast, Creston, Iowa (from Mrs. Jessie S. Camp).*

- Parents are not obligated to give their children a secure future, but they are obligated to give them a secure foundation on which to build their future.
  —*Dr. Ralph W. Sockman, New York, N.Y. (from Mrs. Charles Trinkaeis).*

- We want the fruits of godliness without the price of being godly.
  —*Rev. C. F. Carlson, Genoa, Ill. (from Mrs. Warren Brown).*

- You can give without loving, but you can't love without giving.
  —*Rev. Charles Thigpen, Albuquerque, N.M. (from Helen Durst).*

- Too many churches have become distribution points for religious aspirin.
  —*Rev. Wm. Reiley, Waterville, Ohio (from Ray F. Donnan).*

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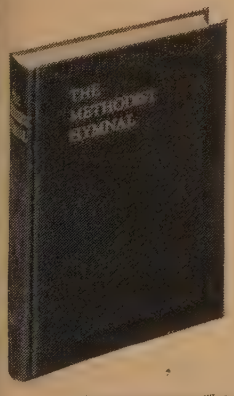

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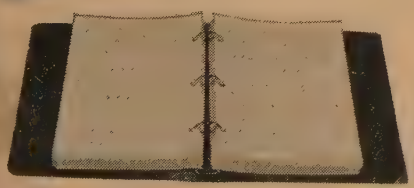

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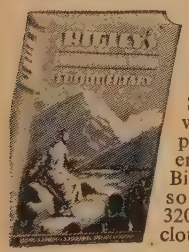

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primeval, spending himself with a prodigality almost unmatched, driven by a consuming passion for God, he burned himself out before he was forty.

"In this carefully compiled documentary the author, a professor of education in the Louisiana State University, etches his career. Asbury Wilkinson never went to General Conference, never presided over a district, and never rocked a state with his eloquence. Instead, his brief and intense ministry was confined to many-point circuits and almost impassable roads. But as a Methodist circuit rider he laid the foundations of the Church across half a state [Indiana], and served to the last limit of his strength until his 91st birthday."

I asked Bonnie Barnabas, a rather young little lady, to review one of the new books this month. It's *A Treasury of the Dog,* edited by **Ralph L. Woods** (G. P. Putnam's Sons, 428 pp., $5) and I thought she would like it. Here's the review Bonnie wrote:

"If you like dogs, read this book. I have always loved dogs and I read a lot of books about them. I think this is the best collection of dog stories I have ever read. Big people will like this book, too. You will laugh and cry and also learn more about dogs. I wish I could get a dog for Christmas, but I don't think I will. Maybe you don't like dogs. If you don't, just remember that a dog is more grateful to his master than most people are to God."

Know where you could get a better review, Mr. Woods?

The office boy came by with another dog story the other day. He said a man went to a theater to see *Moby Dick* and sat down beside a dog. The dog was watching the screen with great interest. Finally the man leaned over and spoke to a stranger sitting near.

"Is this your dog?" he asked.

"Yes," the stranger replied. "He enjoyed the book so much he just had to see the picture."

I heard my preacher talk on the three kinds of doubts—the dishonest doubt, the honest doubt, and the legitimate doubt. I thought of this when I read **Ernest C. Wilson's** *Have You Lived Other Lives?* (Prentice-Hall, 168, pp., $3.95). Wilson, a minister of Christ Church, Unity, in Los Angeles, has piled up some interesting, if not always convincing, evidence that each of us has probably lived many lives.

This book has been in wide demand around the office. One of the secretaries took it in stride along with two others on flying saucers. She has her doubts, but doesn't know how to classify them. "I just don't know what to think about anything any more," she said. "But reincarnation is certainly a beautiful idea!"

Jack London lived hard and died young—at the age of 40. But he left a great literary output, including some of the best adventure stories of all time.

I first became acquainted with his work one sun-seared August day about 30 years ago. The heat didn't bother me that day because I was reading how it feels to freeze to death. Last week I read "To Build a Fire" again. It is one of many selections in a new anthology: *Jack London's Tales of Adventure,* edited by **Irving Shepard** (Hanover House, 531 pp., $4.95), a massive book of red-blooded stories and articles which features an outstanding selection of photographs from over 100 albums personally assembled by London and his wife.

Much has been written about London, but nothing expresses his personality better than the author himself. "I would rather be ashes than dust!" London wrote. "I would rather that my spark should burn out in a brilliant blaze than it should be stifled by dry rot. I would rather be a superb meteor, every atom of me in magnificent glow, than a sleepy and permanent planet. The proper function of a man is to live, not to exist. I shall not waste my days in trying to prolong them. I shall use my time."

What do you think? Was Jack London right or wrong?

Those who think London was wrong can point to **Winston Churchill.** When Jack was born in 1876, Churchill was two years old. He is still around, making history and writing history.

Churchill's *The New World* is the second volume of his *A History of the English-Speaking Peoples* (Dodd, Mead, 433 pp., $6). His rumbling eloquence recalls the quieter, more leisurely literary days when phrase-making was a writer's number-one qualification. In this, his latest book, the great Briton brings profound insight to bear on his subject. The result carried me entranced through the story of the Spanish Armada, Good Queen Bess, the revolution of 1688, and events that shaped the destiny of the United States. But, it seemed to me, he was more than a wee bit harsh in his judgment of Oliver Cromwell.

Sir Winston has been around for a long time, not as a meteor but as a steadily glowing star. As George Gobel says, they don't hardly make them like that no more.

It strikes me that books are more pleasing to the eye than ever before. They are well printed, colorful, durable, a far cry from the staid, brown covers

Browsing in Fiction

THE CURVE OF THE SNOWFLAKE, by W. Grey Walter *(Norton, 282 pp., $3.75)*

One of the popular forms of modern writing is called science fiction. On most any bookstand you will find a large number of these volumes, and of course if you read the comics you must be familiar with Buck Rogers, who flies through space between the planets the way we fly between Chicago and Los Angeles.

This is that kind of book, although on a high level. The author is a first-rate mathematician, and his imagination is grounded in scientific knowledge. On this basis he talks about two men and a woman who devote themselves to developing wonderful inventions for society. They form a center around which gather other first-rate scientists.

But then there is brought into the story a record of the world of the 21st century. All of this is fanciful and at times weird. The author is not nearly as pessimistic as Orwell nor is he as cynical as Huxley was in his *Brave New World*. I must say that this sort of thing does not appeal much to me. That is a personal reaction, however, and if you like science fiction at all, I think you will like this novel. As for me and my house, we will serve other masters.

ADVENTURE OF "HORSE" BARNSBY, by Phil Stong *(Doubleday, 192 pp., $3)*

It seemed to me that this book captured something of the spirit of *Treasure Island*. The gold fields of California in 1849 were not the best place for a 13-year-old orphan boy to get his education. Yet it all turned out well because he had intelligence and character and he fell in with two decent miners. Then there came along the young widow and her daughter who knew something about teaching the violin and reading the classics.

As I have put it down, the plot sounds a little trite, for it even includes a villain in the form of the boy's uncle. Yet it is a good yarn and I must confess I enjoyed it thoroughly. I should tell you also that there are times when I look at a Western movie on TV. (I am trying to protect myself from what may be an adverse reaction from the intellectuals.) I liked it.

THE TRIBE THAT LOST ITS HEAD, by Nicholas Monsarrat *(Sloane, 598 pp., $4.95)*

If you read *Something of Value* you are prepared for the general kind of book you will find here. In my judgment, however, this is the greater of the two as a work of art. It is indeed a great writing accomplishment.

It has to do with the British problem of administering a certain tribe's affairs in Africa. The writer's sympathy is with the administrators. He describes certain reporters, who claim to be concerned for the black men, as trouble-makers causing more harm than good. Most of the people show no respect for the Christian code of sexual ethics, and you ought to be advised of that. There are some scenes of terrifying violence which are not for the people seeking peace of mind.

However, after all is said and done, I should be surprised if this is not regarded for a long time as one of the greatest novels coming out of our particular period.

SINGLE PEBBLE, by John Hersey *(Knopf, 181 pp., $3)*

There was once a small newspaper published somewhere in New England and edited by a very gifted writer. Somebody remarked of it that the local items were handled with such artistry that they became of universal significance. Now and again a novelist takes a simple story, colored and shaped by a particular situation, and the reader sees in it all men and all nations. Hemingway did it in his *The Old Man and the Sea*, and John Hersey has done it in *A Single Pebble*.

Like most preachers, novelists usually have an off day now and again, but if Hersey has ever had a bad one it has never been brought to my attention. Every one of his novels attains a uniformly high standard.

This one is a story of a young American engineer on a Chinese boat going up the Yangtse River. In this very small world, and with only four main characters, one catches something of the height and depth and width of human nature. Here is heroism, practicality, loyalty, mystery.

The book shows that life can be portrayed realistically without generous doses of sex and perversion. This is indeed a wonderful book. If you should disapprove of it, I suggest you complain to the editor of this magazine for having a reviewer on his staff who thinks he knows a great book when he sees it.

Gerald Kennedy

BISHOP, LOS ANGELES AREA, THE METHODIST CHURCH

hd microscopic printing of yore. One ay argue on the other hand that the ntent of modern books doesn't always atch their attractive appearance.

An exception is *One Thousand Beauful Things* compiled by **Marjorie arrows** (Hawthorn, 456 pp., $3.95), n inspiring edition that came to my esk the other day. Under an attractive cket, she has collected some of the ost beautiful writing of all time—etches, fragments, poems and prose at have earned immortality. The kind f book I can dip into for a bedtime nack—or take up for a full-course inner.

When **James Morris,** a young Englishman, reached the United States a couple years ago, he was armed with a sharp pencil and a sharper eye. *As I Saw the U.S.A.* (Pantheon, 246 pp., $3.95) is fresh, sometimes critical, remarkable in reportorial detail, an unusual opportunity for Americans to see themselves as others see them. But it was not possible for Morris, during the months he traveled here, to succeed always in divining motivations or sense at all times the steady pulse that flows from the beating heart of America. As a result, he sometimes tends to "look down" on some of the folks he meets.

No such fault can be found, by way of contrast, in **Ben Lucien Burman's** *It's a Big Country* (Reynal, 278 pp., $4.00). Burman is part and parcel of his country. He brings a rich and colorful background in Americana, a gifted pen, ability to understand the reasons we are as we are. His folks live off the main highways, beyond the skyscrapers, far back of the billboards, along the rural free delivery routes of the Cumberlands, the Ozarks, the winding Mississippi, Louisiana bayous and the western plains.

I had the feeling that Burman, unlike Morris, knew his Americans long

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before setting out on his latest trip—that actually he is just dropping in for a chat with old friends again.

Martha Berry ministered to thousands of mountaineers, leaving "a record of usefulness which has few equals in American history." Her story is told by **Harnett T. Kane** and **Inez Henry** in *Miracle in the Mountains* (Doubleday, 320 pp., $3.95).

Petite and pretty, Martha Berry vowed to do something about the poverty of mind and spirit among the mountain people who had been bypassed as civilization spread across the nation. From a single log cabin on her father's land sprang the Berry Schools, a unique educational institution.

Presidents and leaders of industry came, after many years, to pay tribute to Martha Berry. When she died in 1942 the campus of the school was the largest in the world—30,000 acres of forest, mountains, fields, and lakes. But, more important, was the richness this woman left behind in the hearts and minds of her people.

Last-minute comment on a book just received: not since **Dale Evans'** *Angel Unaware* has a book about the death of a child had the emotional appeal and inspiration of *The Story of Gabrielle* by **Catherine Gabrielson** (World, 119 pp., $2.75).

This is a sad book, of course—but an inspiring one, too, full of truth and beauty and reverence.

The release of Cecil B. DeMille's much-touted *The Ten Commandments* has brought a deluge of comment. Some of it is pro, some of it con—as is pointed out on page 75 of this issue. It has also brought a flood of whimsical comment.

For example, there was the little old lady who emerged from the theater saying: "It was a good movie, but it didn't follow the book."

Bishop Donald H. Tippett of San Francisco is said to have been asked if he really believed the Bible story about the parting of the Red Sea for Moses and the Children of Israel. To this question, he is supposed to have answered: "I certainly do. If DeMille can do it, God can do it, too."

I don't know whether our neighbor had the movie in mind, however, when he presented a package at the post-office window a few days before Christmas.

"Is there anything in here that can be broken?" the clerk asked.

"Yes," our neighbor replied. "The Ten Commandments. I'm mailing a Bible."

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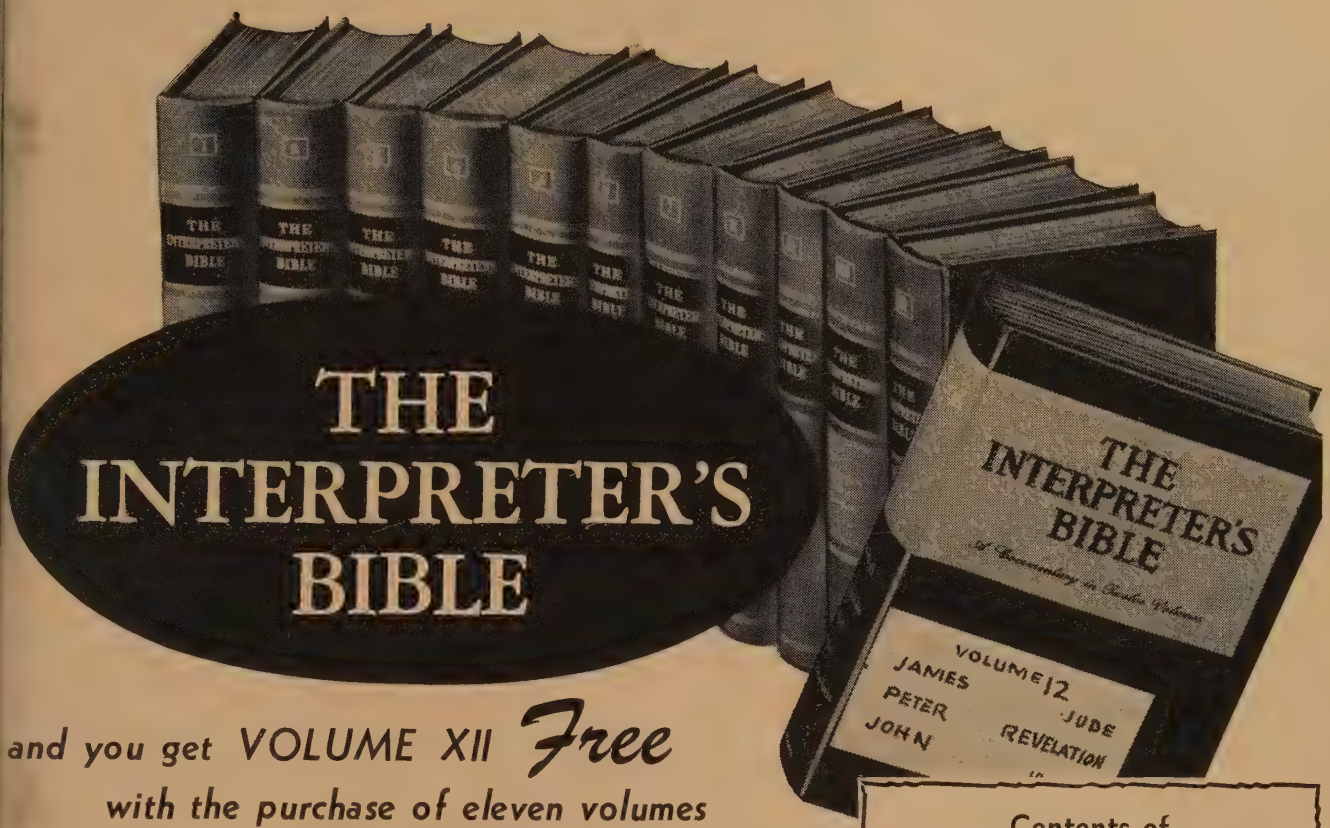

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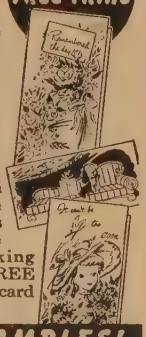

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Best sellers come and go like the spring flowers. Who, for example, can remember the best sellers of 1899? And who will remember this year's best seller 58 years from now?

Well, a lot of us will remember the two best sellers of 1899. Know what they were? Yes, *David Harum* and *When Knighthood Was in Flower.*

I learned this, and many more interesting things, in *Sixty Years of Best Sellers* by **Alice P. Hackett** (R. R. Bowker Co., 180 pp., $5).

Guy Endore, author of the currently popular *King of Paris,* voted **Mark Twain's** *Huckleberry Finn* the most memorable and enjoyable book he had ever read.

"What amazes me is the wonderful freshness of *Huckleberry Finn,"* he declared in *The New York Times* book-review section. "The pace is absolutely modern. Is there any other book of 1884, or even later, that waltzes along so fast without ever sacrificing depth?"

"Dear, d'lightful, dev'lish" was the way a Black Hills newspaperman described old Deadwood in its heyday. He could have tacked that characterization on all of the Old West. There's a fascination about that part of our land that was young so long. Who doesn't like to read its tales of derring-do?

Not a "Western"—but a book resounding with sharpshooting and such names as Sitting Bull and Buffalo Bill Cody is *Annie Oakley of the Wild West,* by **Walter Havighurst** (Macmillan, 246 pp., $4.50). Incredible "Little Sureshot" Annie amazed the world with her rifle.

Annie has been a legend like Paul Bunyan. This book makes her as historical as Calvin Coolidge. Despite exacting scholarship, it reveals her as a modest Ohio maiden who rose to fame she never quite understood. The crafts manlike way Professor Havighurst carpenters his ideas is no mystery, however. Son of a Methodist preacher, he attended Ohio Wesleyan University that seed-plot of so many missionaries, ministers, and authors.

Well, here's another of those top-flight scientists who make room for faith and reverence in the world—**Dr. George Russell Harrison,** dean of the school of science at Massachusetts Institute of Technology. In his *What Man May Be* (William Morrow & Co., 226 pp., $4) you get the impression that science and religion make good bedfellows after all.

"When a spectroscope dissects light from any distant galaxy," he declares, "it reveals only the chemical elements that we find on earth. In this confirmation of a universe . . . the scientist shares with the mystic an awareness of that Oneness from which springs our most fundamental feeling of security."

It's not a religious book in the strict sense of the word, but then probably some theologians wish they could write like this:

"A cup would hold the cells from which all the 164,000,000 people now living in the United States got their start. Within this partial pint of matter, nine-tenths of it water, are apparently contained complete directions for assembling atoms not only to form the bodies of all these people, but also those of their billions of descendants . . ."

Three Scotchmen went to church. When the collection plate came around one became so nervous he fainted. The other two carried him out.

—BARNABAS

BEST-SELLERS: NORTH, SOUTH, EAST, WEST

This poll of Cokesbury Book Stores in six major cities reflects current best-seller trends but does not necessarily imply recommendations of the books listed:

Fiction

The Tribe That Lost Its Head, **Nicolas Monsarrat** (Morrow $5)

King of Paris, **Guy Endore** (Simon & Schuster, $4)

Rachel Cade, **Charles Mercer** (Putnam, $3.95)

Jericho's Daughters, **Paul Wellman** (Doubleday, $3.95)

Don't Go Near the Water, **William Brinkley** (Random House, $3.95)

Non-Fiction

The Nun's Story, **Kathryn Hulme** (Little-Brown, $4)

Men to Match My Mountains, **Irving Stone** (Doubleday, $5.95)

An Historian's Approach to Religion, **Arnold Toynbee** (Oxford, $5)

This Hallowed Ground, **Bruce Catton** (Doubleday, $5.95)

Cavalcade of America, edited by **Carl Carmer** (Crown-Lothrop, Lee, $4.95)

Hobby Alley

Collecting Christian Crosses

A SURPRISING number of people collect crosses. They find this a satisfying hobby, which deepens their appreciation of the Christian heritage.

Usually, collectors get started because of some irresistible bit of jewelry found by accident in a shop. An afternoon of browsing for ancient pottery in the bazaars of Athens led Madeleine S. Miller and her husband, the late J. Lane Miller, pastor of the Methodist Church of Rye, N. Y., to collecting crosses.

In a velvet tray of jumbled jewelry they found their first specimen, a Byzantine cross of faded gold filigree. Years later, after nine visits to Bible lands and 100,000 miles of travel, they had become so engrossed in collecting that they wrote *A Treasury of the Cross* (Harper & Brothers). It is described by experts as one of the most authoritative books of its kind.

Mrs. Robert Leroy Harris, widow of the late Protestant Episcopal Bishop Harris of California, was planning a trip to Europe when her minister asked her to find an Ionic cross.

"I found one," she recalls, "in a quaint shop on an island north of Scotland. The cross was made of Scotch marble with a circle around it, the emblem of eternity. Before I came home, I had collected 30 crosses and had started a hobby which has become an integral part of my life."

Now Mrs. Harris lectures nearly every week about the pieces in her collection. "My crosses are more than just a hobby," she says. "They serve as an open door to clubs, churches, and other gatherings. I use them to talk about Christ and to spread his message.

"Usually I pass some crosses through the audience. People tell me they get an extra something from just holding them. They seem, somehow, to draw us together in better Christian understanding."

Crosses are found in unusual places, made of unusual materials. Mrs. Harris' collection contains crudely carved

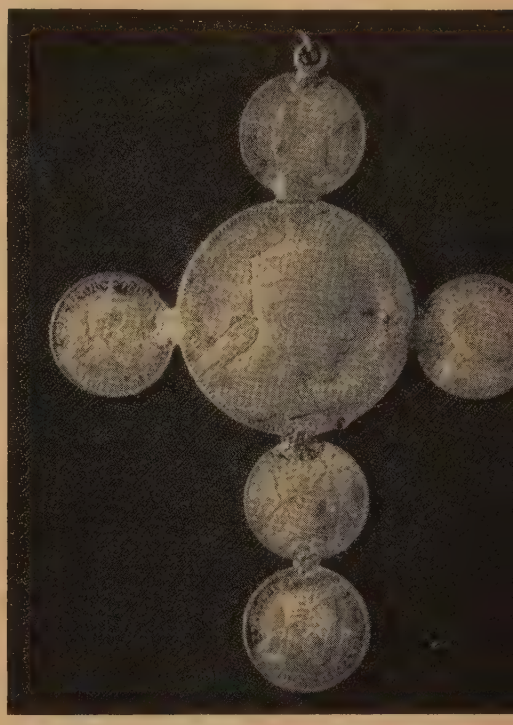
Mrs. Robert Harris with some of her many finds. A pastor's request launched her hobby.

A cross awarded to chief chaplains of Army and Navy.

An Indian artisan made this distinctive cross.

The skill of Greek and Balkan artists is displayed in these collectors' items.

Silver gem-studded specimens.



Mrs. J. L. Miller owns this unusual cross made of Ethiopian coins.

The Glastonbury —a mute reminder of Britain's past.

Old Saxon Cross discovered in an abbey in England.

Russian pieces: Excavation yielded the ancient bronze at lower right.

crosses of wood, others made of foreign money welded together. She has American Indian crosses, handmade Mexican specimens, delicate Roman crosses with beautiful mosaic work, Jerusalem crosses made from pieces of mother-of-pearl, Portuguese crosses of dainty gold filigree, and East Indian crosses of gold and rubies.

In contrast, there are modern crosses. She has several made of silver and bright enamel from Denmark.

Some crosses from Spain are ingeniously made. One type has a small hole in the middle. Peering into it, the viewer sees a religious scene.

Cross collecting can add zest to travel. The Millers made a special trip to see the highest cross in the world—26 feet from top to bottom. It is held by the Christ of the Andes, a statue standing 14,000 feet above sea level on the boundary between Argentina and Chile. It was built as a symbol of peace between the two nations.

The Millers also journeyed to see the world's lowest cross—one made of rock salt, inside an ancient mine in Bogota, Colombia.

Crosses are found in nature—in the Easter passion flower, in the square petals of the dogwood, in the constellation of the Southern Cross.

Mrs. Phil Thornton, a Storm Lake, Iowa, Methodist, is especially interested in crosses used in architecture. An outstanding example is the cross atop the world's tallest church spire—the 568-foot Chicago Temple, home of the First Methodist Church in Chicago's Loop. The spire is pictured on this month's inside front cover.

The fabled "lucky-fairy" crosses, owned by some collectors, have a legend all their own. Supposedly, they were made by shed fairies' tears when Christ was crucified. The scientific explanation is that these crosses are actually crystals of a compound of aluminum, iron, silicon, oxygen, and hydrogen.

Dr. J. A. Kestle, now pastor of the Central Church in Winona, Minn., used the best-known styles of crosses as weekly themes for six months at the Emory Church in Pittsburgh, Pa., when he was pastor there. Each week a different cross was hung in the sanctuary and the Sunday bulletin carried the history and meaning of "the cross of the week." The crosses, each two feet high, were cut from plywood and gilded by Frank Golightly, a member of the church.

One collector, Dr. George Steinman, chairman of the Religion Department at McMurry College in Abilene, Tex., (a Methodist-related school), has more than 200 crosses and 250 drawings of crosses. An author and lecturer, Dr. Steinman recently collaborated with Mrs. Ruth Cale Almy of Denver, Colo., in preparing a packet of Christian symbol patterns, published by the Gibson Publishing Company of Norwalk Conn.

Experts know of more than 400 forms of crosses; of these, about 50 have been used as Christian symbols. Uppermost in collectors' minds is reverence for the cross, a living symbol of Christ's supreme sacrifice: "That whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." (John 3:16)

Would you like to get started collecting crosses? Here are some practical tips:

1. Ask your minister. Perhaps he has—or can suggest—reference material that will be helpful.

2. Look through old boxes of family jewelry in attic and basement.

3. Go to auctions and rummage sales. Explore secondhand stores.

4. Pick through debris, if an old church is being torn down. Look for tiles, engravings, or carvings of crosses that can be used in your home or patio.

5. Look in the classified ads of hobby magazines.

6. Read about crosses. Two basic books are *Treasury of the Cross* and *His Cross and Ours,* by Joseph Fort Newton (Harper & Brothers).

7. Watch TOGETHER's Hobby Directory for the names of other collectors with whom to trade.

What's Your Hobby?

Here's a chance for you to trade stamps, coins, recipes, patterns, or stories with someone in your own city or on the other side of the world. Each month TOGETHER will publish names and addresses of the Methodist hobbyists so that you can get in touch with them. If you want to be listed, send your name, address, and hobby to TOGETHER, Pen Pals, 740 N. Rush St., Chicago 11, Ill. Entries are limited to those 18 years of age or less.—Eds.

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Rev. Paul P. Potter, Lake View, Iowa.

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Mrs. Rosa Moser, 1732 W. Rosecrans Ave., Gardena, Calif.

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Genealogy:
Rev. F. S. Moseley, Methodist Church, Eutaw, Ala. (Methodist ministers from Alabama); J. F. Carothers, Clarence, Mo. (Carothers); Mrs. Robert V. Ogden, Winnie, Tex. (McFerrin).

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Fred Kellogg (K5EQW), Box 135, Elizabeth, La.

Sea Shell Crafts:
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Pen Pals (open to age 18):
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The Tick-Tock Bird is one of the isest birds in the whole world. He got is unusual hat at a special school for rds, where he learned all about chil-

Old Tick-Tock tells
The tots at school
To study hard
And learn each rule;
To do their best
At work or play
For truly that's
The Tick-Tock way.

dren, as well as all types of birds.

Mr. Tick-Tock is also very kind. But the best thing of all is that he loves boys and girls.

So, read what he says out loud, like the tick-tocking of a clock.

And, don't forget to look for him! He'll be right here on these pages next month, waiting for you.

The L-V PARTY--*a Learner Family Story by Frances Dunlap Heron*

T WAS dinnertime at the Learners' ouse; the time when Daddy told what appened in his office, and when the ildren talked about what they were oing at school.

"It's almost February," said Larry. We're studying about Abraham Lin-oln."

"I know something, too!" announced tevie. "I know about Lincoln-Valen-ne Day!"

"Lincoln-Valentine Day!" laughed arry.

"He's silly!" said Linda. "He means incoln's birthday and Valentine's ay."

Stevie looked sad.

"Don't you worry," Mama com-orted him. "Linda and Larry make istakes, too."

"It's easy to mix up those two days," aid Daddy, "because they're so close ogether. Lincoln's birthday is the welfth of February, and Valentine's ay is the fourteenth."

"Our first grade is planning a Val-ntine party," said Linda.

"I want a party," Stevie put in.

"I have an idea," said Mama. "How would you like to have a *Lincoln-Val-entine* party?"

"You mean here at home and invite our friends?" asked Linda.

"Yes, we could have some things to remind us of Valentine's Day, and some of Lincoln."

"I could make a little cabin to hold the valentines," said Larry.

"I could help make heart-shaped sandwiches, couldn't I?" asked Linda.

"What can *I* do?" begged Stevie.

"You can carry the invitations around," said Mama. "We'll make them tomorrow night. Be thinking of whom to invite."

"I know *now*!" exclaimed Larry. "The boys on our block—Paul and Bill—"

"What about the brother and sister who live over the corner grocery?" asked Mama. "Peter and Louisa?"

"But they're not friends of ours," Linda answered quickly.

"They never have time to play," Larry said. "They help in their father's store."

Linda shook her head. "We couldn't invite them. Their clothes aren't nice and they talk funny."

Mama shook her head, too. "Then we couldn't invite Abraham Lincoln either."

"Why, Mama!" Linda cried. "The party is for his birthday."

"Larry," said Mama, "at school tomorrow read about Lincoln when he was a boy. Tell us tomorrow night."

"And, Linda," added Daddy, "you could ask your teacher about St. Valentine."

The next afternoon, when Linda ran in from school, she burst out, "Mama, now I know—"

Larry interrupted, "I know, too!"

But Mama said, "Let's wait until after dinner."

That evening when the Learners were at work on the invitations, Larry reported: "I found out what you meant about inviting Abraham Lincoln. He was just like Peter and Louisa—he worked hard and had awful looking clothes and people made fun of the way he talked."

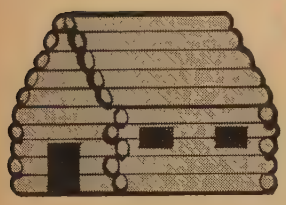
Daddy smiled. "They didn't know that he would grow up to be a great president."

"And, Daddy, my teacher told us about St. Valentine," said Linda. "His day is for showing love. You surprise people by being nice to them."

"Peter and Louisa would sure be surprised if we invited them to our party," Larry spoke up.

Linda reached for an invitation. "I'll print their names—how do you spell 'Louisa'?"

"It looks as though this will be a real Lincoln-Valentine party," Daddy decided. "Stevie really started something."



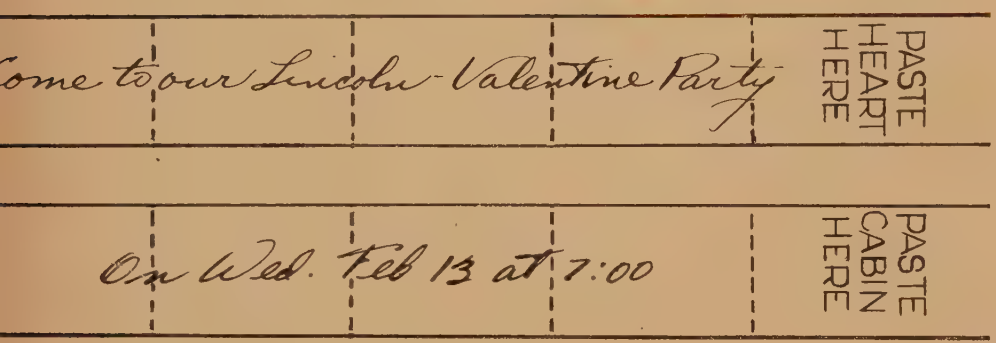
PATTERNS

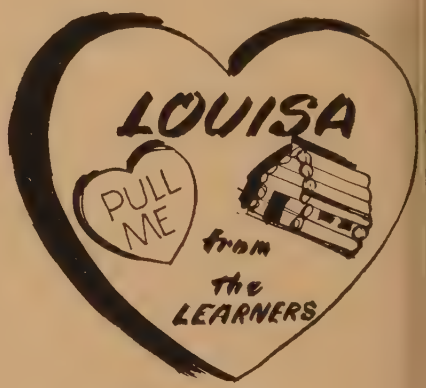
AN INVITATION TO THE L-V PARTY

USE carbon paper to trace the big heart at the right onto red paper. Mark the slits and let Mother cut them with a razor after you cut out the big heart. Trace the two long strips and the tiny heart onto white paper, and the log cabin onto paper from a brown paper sack.

Cut out the white strip which reads, "Come to our Lincoln-Valentine Party" and the white heart which reads "Pull Me." Paste the top half of the tiny heart on the end of the white strip. Cut out the log cabin. Paste it on the end of the other strip. Then fold each strip at the dotted lines to form an accordion shape.

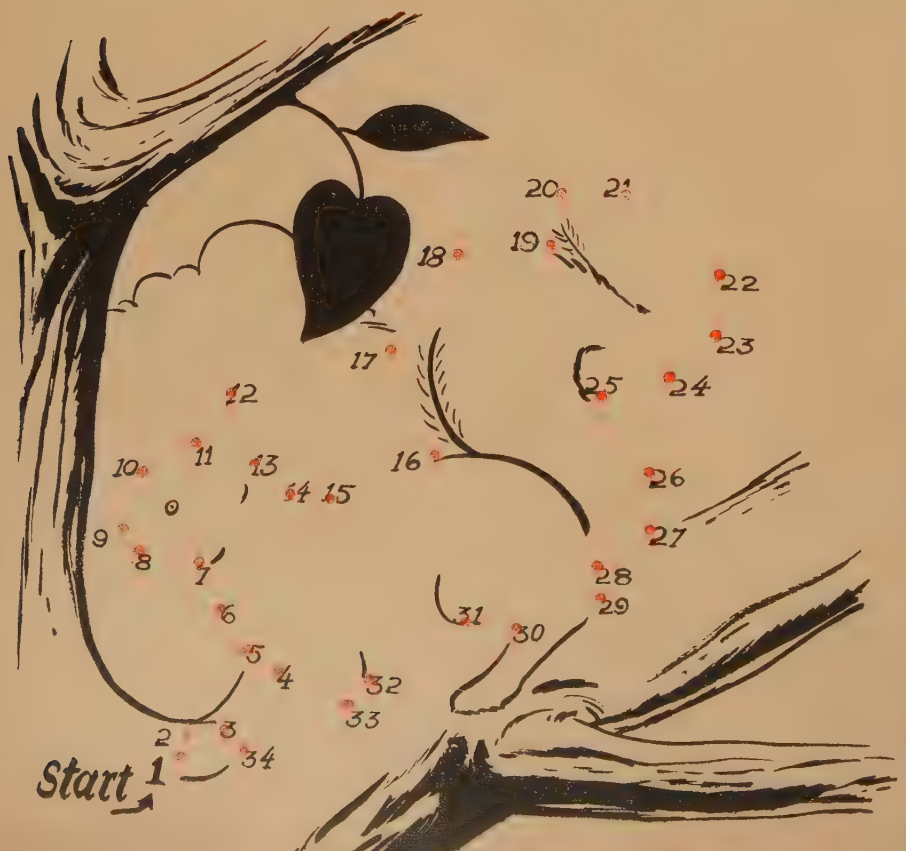
Now use the finished invitation (below) as a guide. Slip the folded strip with the heart at top into the right slot of your big red heart. Put the other strip into the left slot. Then write the name of your guest and your own name on the finished invitation.





FINISHED INVITATION

Connect the Dots . . . and see a _____



MY PRAYER

Lord, let me always know
The way that I should go.
Let me, through every day,
Know what is best to say.
Teach all good things to me,
And let me kinder be
Than I have ever been . . .
This is my prayer. Amen.

—LOIS SNELLING

NEWS of the world parish

ISHOPS PRAISE PRESIDENT'S UN STAND

The Methodist Council of Bishops is ow on record praising President Eisen-ower's "calm" leadership in the inter-ational crises and his insistence that e United Nations is the only agency npowered to maintain world peace.

They also commended UN Secretary-eneral Dag Hammarskjold's "crea-ve" handling of the Suez incident.

Their statement, issued at a meeting Pasadena, Calif., denounced uni-teral action of any nation that at-mpts to become judge, jury, and exe-itioner in world affairs.

"Nations pledged to the UN charter ust not take the law into their own ands," said the council. "To do so is to nction the practice of the totalitarian."

The Methodist leaders urged Ameri-ans to "rethink their world respon-bilities" and to be informed, for "there an be no freedom for any man until ll men are free."

Their views closely paralleled a pas-oral letter from the House of Bishops f the Protestant Episcopal Church. It lso condemned unilateral action. It sked honest consideration of what the J.S. "would be tempted to do if our nterests in the Panama Canal Zone vere threatened."

Both bodies, deeply stirred by events n Hungary, sought generous relief sup-ort for thousands of refugees. At least one Methodist congregation (First Church, Mission, Tex.) beat the bishops' appeal by two weeks, contributing $102 for food and medical supplies to the Hungarians.

Methodist layman and labor leader Victor G. Reuther, returning from a tour of Austrian refugee camps, urged no limit on the number of Hungarians admitted to the U.S. Most escapees, he pointed out, are the young, those who fought in the revolt. The next wave will include the aged and homeless.

Equally as urgent as liberalizing immigration, he said, is the need for the U.S. to throw its full influence behind UN efforts to get observers and relief workers into Hungary.

'MARTIN LUTHER'

TV Station Cancels Film

A Chicago television station's cancellation of the *Martin Luther* movie—already widely shown in U.S. theaters—has brought strong protests from a group of ministers and rabbis.

WGN-TV said it stopped the scheduled showing "not wanting to be a party to the development of any misunderstanding or ill will among persons of the Christian faith in the Chicago area."

The clergy committee declared the action was an admission the station was "vulnerable" to pressures "mobilized by the Roman Catholic Church." The film is based on the life of Luther, who broke with the Roman Catholic Church in the 16th century and led the Protestant movement in Germany.

The committee declared "de facto censorship of this character" violates the principles of civil and religious liberty of the U.S. Constitution.

A Hungarian peasant family rests wearily on straw mattresses in one of the crowded efugee reception centers near Vienna, Austria. Two centers, with 5,400 capacity, house 20,000 Hungarians. There is no running water. *(More pictures, page 70)*

U.S. AIR FORCE

Salvages 25 Alcoholics

The U.S. Air Force has saved a million dollars—by reclaiming alcoholics. It's a new experimental project conducted at Lackland Air Force Base, San Antonio, Tex. A report on the first 50 patients, ranging in rank from basic airman to colonel, shows 50 per cent remained "dry," 14 per cent improved, 26 per cent were failures, and 10 per cent were lost track of.

The million-dollar estimate is based on the cost of replacing an airman of four years' experience at $15,000, an electronics technician at $75,000, a jet pilot at up to $500,000.

In praising the program, the Rev. Everett W. Palmer, pastor of the First Methodist Church in Glendale, Calif., pointed out that savings in human values are actually "vastly more significant."

"There is no way to measure by dollars such values," he said, "save to say when they are damaged and betrayed, all the money in the world cannot compensate for that loss. When they are sustained, all the money in the world in comparison is but a beggar's purse."

JAPANESE CHRISTIANS

Send Out Missionaries

The United Church of Christ in Japan, long a missionary-receiving group, now plans to send missionaries abroad.

The General Assembly of the United Church, of which Methodists are a part, has established a Board of Foreign Missions and re-elected the Rev. Takeshi Muto, moderator.

Missionaries will work mostly among Japanese in Okinawa, Latin America, and Southeast Asia.

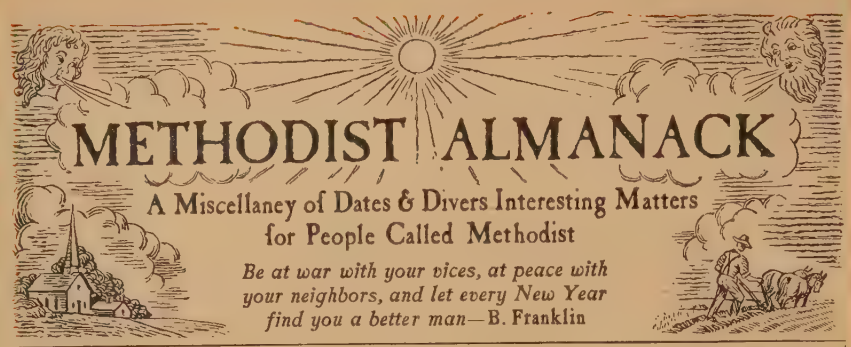
There are 132 Methodists among 405 missionaries from North America now affiliated with Japan's United Church.

SCROLLS DISCLOSE

Noah Worried His Dad

Noah was a sensation long before he built the ark.

The latest Dead Sea Scroll to be unrolled discloses that he caused a family quarrel the day he was born. On that day he started to talk and his eyes



JANUARY hath XXXI days — 1st Month

In winter, when the dismal rain
Comes down in slanting lines,
And Wind, that grand old harper, smote
His thunder-harp of pines.—A. Smith

15	Tu	Depression throttles nation, 1933
16	W	Prohibition begins, 1920
17	Th	B. Franklin b. 1706
18	Fr	*He that lieth down with dogs*
19	Sa	*Shall rise up with fleas*
20	S	Inaugural Day
21	M	Carry Nation visits Kansas barroom, 1901
22	Tu	U. S. launches first atomic sub., 1954
23	W	*Giving never emptied the purse*
24	Th	First rubber heel patent, 1899
25	Fr	Paul converted, A. D. 35 on Damascus Pike
26	Sa	Michigan 120 years old today
27	S	England first sips tea, 1666
28	M	First telephone exchange opens, 1878
29	Tu	Kansas 96 years old today
30	W	F. D. Roosevelt b. 1882
31	Th	Dirigible releases first glider, 1930

■ She was armed with a Bible and she carried a hatchet. Wichita saloons never fully recovered. A "cyclone in petticoats," she violently opposed all use of liquor. She stormed through Kansas and the nation, shattering glass and barroom crystal with brisk hatchet strokes. She was jailed, shot at, beaten and booed but only old age and increasing feebleness stayed her hand. Her methods were extreme but she boosted the temperance cause.

FEBRUARY hath XXVIII days — 2nd Month

Winter giveth the fields, and the trees so old,
their beards of icicles and snow.—H. W. Longfellow

1	Fr	Supreme Court first meets, 1790
2	Sa	Ground Hog Day
3	S	Read Matthew 5:43-48
4	M	*The proud hate pride—in others*
5	Tu	Dwight L. Moody b. 1837
6	W	*The cat in gloves catches no mice*
7	Th	Baltimore badly charred, 1904
8	Fr	U. S. Boy Scouts begin, 1910
9	Sa	U. S. Weather service starts, 1870
10	S	Race Relations Sunday Dist. Supts. begin Chicago meeting
11	M	T. Edison b. 1847
12	Tu	A. Lincoln b. 1809
13	W	Post office issues airmail stamps, 1926
14	Th	St. Valentine's Day

■ He attended school only three months, was thought a dunce by his teacher. Experiments began early: at six he tried to hatch eggs by sitting on them. He later plied a friend with effervescent salts to see if he would rise like a balloon. Adult experiments were more successful.

Nation

Edison

flashed light of atomic brightness.

Noah's father, Lamech, understandably disturbed, ordered his wife to tell him "without lies" who was the father. He believed it must have been an angel.

His wife, Bat-Enoch, denied "with vigor" that the child was supernaturally conceived. And, the story goes on, she finally convinced Lamech he was the father.

The scroll was found in 1947 but not unrolled until two years ago. Dr. Yigael Yadin, Israeli archaeologist, translated five columns of the scroll, assisted by Dr. Nahman Abigad.

Dr. Yadin said the scroll retells stories found in the Old Testament but with added details. It was written in the Aramaic language on goatskin.

IN MINNEAPOLIS CHURCH

Whites Invite Negroes

The 140-member Border (Negro) Methodist Church in Minneapolis, Minn., has accepted an invitation to join the 4,000-member Hennepin Avenue Methodist Church.

For 20 years Hennepin Avenue has assisted the Negro congregation, whose church is to make way for an urban redevelopment project.

The official board issued the invitation, not as "flag-waving," but because "Christians should worship together regardless of race or cultural background."

(Hennepin Avenue's art gallery is featured in this issue on pages 35-42.)

MOSLEMS IN DIXIE

Find New Way of Life

Thanks to the First Methodist Church of Sylacauga, Ala., a refugee Moslem family from Palestine has found a new home, new opportunities, and a new religion. The refugees—father, mother, and four daughters—are the eighth DP family sponsored by this church.

All six Zabalaouis recently joined the Sylacauga church. One son, now in the U.S. Air Force, plans to join on his first furlough. Another joined a few years ago while studying at the University of Alabama. It was this son who, when the Israeli-Arab war forced his family to flee their home in Palestine, asked church members for help. His once-wealthy family was homeless, he explained, and possessed "only the clothes on their backs."

The Rev. D. C. Whitsett, pastor, and members arranged to have the family brought to America. The church provided a home and members found jobs for the father and eldest daughter. The other three daughters are attending Sylacauga schools.

(*Continued on page 68*)

TOGETHER • JANUARY 1957

San Francisco Area NEWS of Your Church in Action

Bishop Donald H. Tippett
83 McAllister Street, San Francisco 2, Calif.

Editor: Winston H. Taylor
83 McAllister Street, San Francisco 2, Calif.

CHURCH VOCATIONS

Set Youth Conference

The seventh annual Church-Related Vocations Conference is scheduled Feb. 8-9, at First Church, Palo Alto.

Vocations in the church and for the church will be explained to California-Nevada Conference youth at the meeting beginning at 1 p.m. Friday. Mrs. Robert Moon of San Leandro is in charge of arrangements.

The Rev. Gene W. Carter, Metropolitan District superintendent, will speak. The program will also include counseling, interviews, and vocational testing. The Rev. Charles M. (Pat) McConnell, retired professor of rural church at Boston University School of Theology, will be a guest.

The missionary recruitment film, "Reply to Reality," is scheduled.

Program leaders will be Miss Louise Nicholls, recruiter for the Woman's Division; the Rev. Hendricks Townsley, missionary to India on furlough; Joseph Smith, San Mateo County social worker; Miss Gentry Johnstone, San Francisco nurse; Charles Perrott, Fresno school counselor; Dr. Frank Leeds, San Francisco surgeon; Carlton A. Steiner, Berkeley architect.

Additional leaders will be Frank Webber, Conference treasurer; Winston H. Taylor, Area public relations and promotion director; William Porter, youth worker and former J-3 missionary; Miss Eloise Haldeman, youth director at Grace Church, Stockton; and ministers John V. Moore, Myron Herrell, Paul Irwin, Ray Magnuson, Elliott L. Fisher, Robert Leslie, Paul Kurtz, Robert Rankin, and Willard J. Rand, chairman of the Conference Commission on Christian Vocations.

Bishop's Trail Blazers Launch Third Year

Bishop Tippett is speaking at a series of regional dinner meetings this month and February to launch the third year of the "Bishop's Trail Blazers."

Members of this organization work to inform Methodists about church extension needs and to secure additional funds.

Program for the dinner meetings includes a series of slides telling the story of one of the many new church projects made possible by the Trail Blazers. The Rev. Donald Getty of Epworth Church, Berkeley, is committee chairman.

The schedule will be Jan. 28 at San Mateo; Jan. 29 at Oakland; Jan. 30 at San Francisco; Feb. 1 at Reno; Feb. 4 at Redding; Feb. 5 at Chico; Feb. 6 at San Jose; Feb. 18 at Bakersfield; Feb. 19 at Fresno; Feb. 21 at Santa Rosa; Feb. 22 at Sacramento; Feb. 25 at Arcata; and March 1 at Modesto.

Reservations for the dinners should be made through pastors.

More than $80,000 has been raised in the first two years by the Trail Blazers effort. This has been the major factor in the purchase of eight new church sites.

SOCIAL RELATIONS

Boards Direct Seminars

Subdistrict seminars in Christian social relations are being held in the California-Nevada Conference during January and February.

The Saturday programs, from 9:30 a.m. to 3 p.m., are directed by a committee representing the Boards of Social and Economic Relations, Temperance, and World Peace, and headed by the Rev. Correll Julian of Exeter.

The remaining seminars are scheduled Jan. 19 at Visalia and First Church, Vallejo; Jan. 26 at Chico, Grace Church, Stockton, and Petaluma; Feb. 2 at Central Church, Sacramento; Feb. 16 at St. Luke's Church, Fresno, Pacific Grove, and Crescent City; Feb. 23 at Parkside Church, San Francisco, and Merced.

WOMEN

Jurisdiction Groups Meet

Three gatherings of women from over the Western Jurisdiction will come in quick succession at Trinity Church, Berkeley, during February—deaconesses, the Woman's Society and Wesleyan Service Guild.

Speakers who will speak at the three meetings include Bishop H. Clifford Northcott of Wisconsin, Mrs. Clifford Bender, Miss Mary Lou Barnwell, and Miss Louise Nicholls of the Woman's Division of Christian Service.

The deaconesses will meet Feb. 17-19 followed by the WSCS Feb. 19-22 and the Guild on Feb. 22-23.

Closing speaker, at the Trinity Church morning service on Feb. 24 will be Tracey Jones Jr., administrative secretary of the Board of Missions for Southeast Asia.

The Woman's Society also will hear a talk by Bishop Tippett. Mrs. Frank Hollingsworth of Denver, Colo., is Jurisdiction president. Mrs. L. H. Schierenbeck of Trinity Church, Berkeley, is general chairman of the meeting, and Mrs. Donald Smith, Trinity, is local chairman.

Mrs. Clarence Jones of Reno, Nev., as Jurisdictional secretary is in charge of the Guild meeting.

LAY LEADERS

'Nothing to Do'

"After retirement, it is surprising how many people think they have 'nothing to do,'" says Col. Frank M. Paul, Sacramento-Nevada District lay leader.

Col. Paul retired from the U. S. air force in 1953, after 36 years of active service. He enlisted as a flying cadet during World War I, in the infancy of military aviation, and his duty has spread across much of the world, including advance echelons of the Normandy invasion. His last five years in the Air Force were as inspector general for Sacramento Air Material Area.

Col. and Mrs. Paul are active members of St. Mark's Church, Sacramento. In regard to his statement above, he continues:

"Nevertheless I'm getting dividends of pleasure in helping in lay work. So much can be done to assist the clergy in local churches, the district and Conference. My association with the clergy and the lay people in doing God's work has been most inspiring and exhilarating.

"The support and leadership of the associate lay leaders of Sacramento-Nevada District and the lay leaders of the 46 district churches is appreciated and gratifying. Associate leaders are Robert Bumbalough, Reno; A. LaMont Smith, John Hopps and I. Weed Dumble, Sacramento; Charles Carstens, Carson City; S. R. Anderson, Arnette M. DeLong, and Thomas S. McIntire, Roseville; Louis Ronchetti, Sparks; Edison Reynolds, Carmichael."

Students Lead Juvenile Hall Worship

A special project of Wesley Foundation members at San Jose State College, San Jose, is leading worship for youths who are residents in the Santa Clara County Juvenile Hall.

Boys and girls 13 to 18 years of age, some delinquent and others only wards of the state, stay at the hall, built for 14 but used to house 75 to 100 youths.

The students lead worship at least once a month. They take turns with other local churches in a rotation system set up by the San Jose Council of Churches under direction of the Rev. Richard Ingraham, director of the Wesley Foundation. The church groups also conduct recreation and craft activity at the hall.

Gary Butler, foundation president and San Jose State College senior from Santa Ana, says of the project:

"Programs are held from 2:15 to 2:45 p.m. Sundays, and start with the introduction of those present. Students wear casual dress to help establish rapport. Both men and women students participate, and the juvenile boys and girls also are mixed in the room but across an aisle from one another.

"A reading may follow introductions, and then a talk. Group singing occupies about 15 minutes. Hymns may or may not go over well, so folk and campfire songs are usually picked from 'Adventures in Song.'

"The talks may resemble the type of non-sectarian sermons given in the weekly chapel services on campus. They are frequently more akin to the lectures in a philosophy or psychology class, geared for a less sophisticated age group. Care must be taken to antagonize neither those with strong denominational ties nor those skeptical of religion. Emotion usually is avoided since many of the youngsters are keyed up and close to going to pieces from the crowded conditions, pressure of separation from their normal routines, and the general stress of being a teen-ager.

"Juveniles come to the services of their free will and are accompanied by hall attendants. Many have a genuine interest, some attend to break monotony and tension. A few come simply to see someone their own age of the opposite sex (they are separated in the activity program).

"Apprehension about working with these young people disappears after the first meeting with them. Members of the staff are always in the room to cope with any problems which might arise, though there have been none so far.

"Although it has been historically difficult to have spiritual success in areas where there are glaring physical needs Sunday worship services have been appreciated by the youth.

"Mr. Ingraham attributes much of the success of the Sunday services to the use of state college students. 'Students are little older than the delinquents and find it easier to establish rapport, therefore are very effective in this type of juvenile work,' he said."

The San Jose foundation, largest numerically of the four in California-Nevada Conference, also has taken responsibility for the supplementary recreational program at Agnew State Hospital and has worked in other community service projects.

Mercury-News

Wesley Foundation members at San Jose State College led the worship service for youth in the Santa Clara County Juvenile Hall. At right is the Rev. Richard Ingraham, director of student work at First Church in San Jose, Calif. who directs the project.

RURAL FELLOWSHIP

McConnell Will Speak

Opening meeeting of the Conference Methodist Rural Fellowship is set for Friday afternoon, Feb. 8, at Los Altos Church. The Rev. Charles M. (Pat) McConnell, retired professor of rural church at Boston University School of Theology, will be special guest.

The Rev. Ray F. Magnuson, Fortuna, fellowship president, asks that pastors and others divide their time Feb. 8-9 between the fellowship and the Church-Related Vocations Conference at nearby Palo Alto.

TELEVISION

3 Churches Are Featured

Three Bay Area churches were in the television limelight on special events shows recently—one of them across the nation.

Trinity Church, Berkeley, and especially the Wesley Foundation there, was featured on the National Broadcasting Company's "Wide Wide World" as the program visited churches over the U. S.

The weekly "Everyman's Religion" series on San Francisco's KPIX-TV included the MYF group from Temple Church, San Francisco and a membership class at First Church, Palo Alto, both produced by George Willey of the latter church. Temple reported, immediately following its program, receiving a call from two families who had seen the presentation and wanted to enroll their children in the Sunday school.

SPORTS

Forty-Niners Pay Visit

As sports interest turned from football to basketball, reports came of star athletes and their relationships to California-Nevada churches.

• Four members of San Francisco's professional football team, the "Forty-Niners," appeared before the Christian Adventure group Dec. 15. The visit was arranged by Johnny Strzykalski, former "Forty-Niner" who, with his wife, is Christian Adventure counselor. Visiting players, all of whom appeared in the final game of the season, included Y. A. Tittle, Bob St. Clair, Gordon Soltau, and hero of the "Forty-Niner" win, Joe Arenas.

• An overflow crowd attended the Dec. 9 wedding at Taylor Memorial Church of Rose Swisher, a member of Taylor Church, and Bill Russell, University of San Francisco basketball star. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Charles L. Warren. Russell led his team through a record-winning series of victories before his graduation last year. He starred in the recent Olympic Games, has now joined the Boston Celtics, professional club.

• Acceptance of the traditional axe for victory in the University of California—Stanford University football game was made by Donald Gilkey, California cap-

tain and member of Corcoran Church. His team won the season closer 20-18. Gilkey is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Gilkey of Corcoran.

APPOINTMENTS

Six Are Transferred

Bishop Tippett announces the following appointments and changes among ministers: Francis L. Wagner has been transferred from West Wisconsin Conference to an assistantship at Santa Clara; Sidney C. Smith of Manteca is now on sick leave; Floyd E. Tuffs has been transferred from Livingston to Manteca; Quincy K. Hamilton from Pacific Northwest Conference is now serving at Livingston.

Thomas P. Krumpe has been transferred from Winnemucca-Denio-Paradise to St. Paul's, Fresno, Francis D. Norris from St. Louis Conference to Winnemucca, Lloyd Thorsen from assistant at Central, San Francisco, to the U. S. Navy, and Eldon Anderson to the supply pastorate at Springville.

YOUNG ADULTS

To Learn of Methodism

Single young adults of California-Nevada will join in a weekend of fellowship and inspiration, February 16-17, at Mission Springs.

The Rev. George D. Goodwin of Central Church, Stockton, is slated to address the group on "What Methodists Believe." Another guest speaker will be the Rev. Myron Herrell of Burlingame, who will describe his recent trip into Russia.

The Rev. Franklin Scott of Santa Clara Avenue Church, Alameda, is general chairman for the event.

CHURCH ANNIVERSARIES

Three Are 75

Three California-Nevada churches commemorated 75th anniversaries recently.

- First Church, Fresno, held several special programs. The Rev. F. G. H. Stevens, former pastor, was honored at a dinner. A historical pageant, written by Mrs. William Pitzer, was presented. The Rev. George A. Miller, retired bishop, preached at the final commemorative service.
- Oakdale Church celebrated its 75th year in conjunction with its annual Homecoming Sunday. The Rev. Roy E. Wilson, former pastor, preached at a special service.
- Selma Church's observance included the initial appearance of the children's choir. A program featuring the past and the future of the church was held.

FUND RAISING

Pledge Over $200,000

The Rev. Ralph Shoemaker of the General Board of Missions announces the pledging of more than $200,000 in a recent series of fund-raising cmapaigns.

Leaders at three area public relations seminars discuss techniques. From left, the Rev. Thomas P. Krumpe, Fresno; Prof. B. A. Shepard of Fresno State College; Edmond Boles, public relations consultant, and Dr. Ralph Stoody, executive director of Methodist Information.

The money will be used for the building programs of seven California-Nevada Churches.

- Atwater Church has raised more than $30,000 to finance a new location, and to launch a building project.
- Livermore Church raised more than $31,000. These funds are designated for the purchase of a new site.
- The $52,000 raised by Montclair Church, Oakland, will be used to eliminate church indebtedness and to begin construction of an educational plant.
- More than $11,000 for additional land and building needs was raised at Pacific Church, Sacramento.
- A new sanctuary is the goal for Shoreview-San Mateo. Their campaign brought in more than $40,000.
- Members of St. Paul's Church, Stockton, pledged about $33,000 toward a new sanctuary.
- Windsor Church exceeded its goal by raising more than $9,500. In addition, an acre of land worth $1,900 was donated by Mrs. Clara Hembree.

STUDY PUBLIC RELATIONS

Stoody Conducts Seminars

The Rev. Ralph Stoody, director of Methodist Information, recently conducted a series of public relations seminars in the San Francisco Area.

Some 150 persons from 90 area churches participated in the one-day seminars at Sacramento, Fresno, and San Jose.

Local churchmen who served as leaders included Cliff Davis of First Church, Fresno, and Robert Barton of First Church, San Jose, both in the advertising art and production business, and Daniel K. Stern of Willow Glen-San Jose, public relations director for the Mercury-News newspapers.

CHRISTIANITY AND POLITICS

Hear Canadian Leader

A combined gathering of Wesley and Westminster Celtic Fellowships at San Francisco State College recently heard a discussion on Christianity in politics.

It came from George Thomas, Canadian member of Parliament and Methodist lay preacher who felt strongly that Christian principles should be used as a guide in politics.

Parliamentary democracies are built on the principle that "all men count because they are the children of God," Mr. Thomas told some 85 students attending the meeting.

Thus, he said, poverty and disease are not burdens to be borne cheerfully but evils to be challenged and overcome.

Because of its great wealth, the United States has a particular responsibility toward the needs of humanity throughout the world, Mr. Thomas said.

WORLD SERVICE

Area Giving Up

Three San Francisco Area churches are on the World Service list of 87 churches paying more than $8,000 for missions in the year ending May 31, 1956.

This area also showed the highest percentage gain in apportionment payments to World Service of any church area in Methodism.

The churches and their per capita giving on World Service apportionments are First Church, Palo Alto, at $4.90, First Church, Fresno, at $4.60, and First Church, Sacramento, at $4.51.

Area giving rose 139 per cent from the previous year. California-Nevada, at 137 per cent, had the second highest increase among annual conferences, while Pacific Japanese Provisional, at 277 per cent, had third highest among provisional and missionary conferences.

AREA UNIVERSITIES

Expand Student Programs

Methodist students at two of California's largest universities are to have expanded programs this winter.

At Temple Church, near San Francisco State and City Colleges, the Wesley Foundation program has been enlarged. Counselors participating in the expansion program are Mr. and Mrs. Monroe Hess Jr. and Mr. and Mrs. Robert McCarney. During the spring semester George Carter, member of Temple Church, will assist with the student religious program. Carter is a recent graduate of San Francisco State College.

The Rev. Edward L. Peet, pastor of Central Church, Sacramento, is chairman of the campus-church committee. The group is seeking property on which to launch student work at Sacramento State College and the two local junior colleges located in Sacramento.

List Conference Building Improvements

Work planned, work under way and work accomplished covers the gamut of building improvement reports from the churches of California-Nevada Conference.

• New aisle and chancel carpeting was laid in December at Albany Church. This is part of a continuing sanctuary beautification project.

• The completely refurbished sanctuary of Ceres Church was rededicated recently by Bishop Tippett. He also baptized the youngest child of the Rev. and Mrs. William G. Dalton, Kathleen Jeanine, in the presence of Mrs. Dalton's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Gunning of Leyden, Holland.

• St. Paul's Church, Fresno, moved in December into its new Memorial Fellowship Hall, named in honor of those who had worked toward its completion for six years. The $89,500 structure includes a large hall, a stage, and several large classrooms.

• Grass Valley Church, rather than Roseville as reported in the November Supplement, rolled out the red carpet and almost cleared the church of debt, within the same week. The carpeted area includes the sanctuary and narthex.

• More than a score of members saw their dreams of many years come true recently when Bishop Tippett consecrated a building for Highland Chapel, serving the communities of Bodfish, Garfield, and Isabella, northeast of Bakersfield. The $20,000 prefabricated structure was erected entirely by volunteer labor, on a 1½-acre site donated by Mr. and Mrs. Luis Scovern. Among the volunteers, Charlie Burkhart, in his 70s, has rarely missed a day's work in the several months of progress, according to the Rev. Stanley E. Read II, pastor. The building includes sanctuary, classrooms, and kitchen.

• The Rev. D. V. C. Black and family of Trinity Church, Mountain View, moved in November to a four-bedroom parsonage constructed by the church at 96 Paul Avenue. The old parsonage was immediately put to use for classrooms and offices.

• Ground was broken recently for a four-classroom addition to Woodside Road Church, Redwood City. The building is scheduled for completion in April.

• Razing of St. Paul's Church in downtown San Jose was scheduled to begin January 1. The congregation now worships in Centella Church, with which it merged last spring. Erection of a new building at a new site is to begin this spring. The St. Paul's building dates back to 1909. The congregation, one of the first two Pacific Coast units of The Methodist Episcopal Church, South, was organized in 1851.

• In preparation for a future sanctuary, as well as for present use, Shoreview-San Mateo has purchased a new organ.

• On Christmas Sunday the first services in the new sanctuary of Turlock Church were held. The choir wore new robes for the first time that day.

• The new Memorial Fellowship Hall of St. Paul's Church, Fresno, has been occupied since December. It was built at a cost of $89,500.

REDWOOD EMPIRE DIST.

Launch New Churches

Two events significant to Methodism occurred recently in the Redwood Empire District. A new congregation was launched at Vacaville and a new Sunday school at Vallejo. First Church, Vallejo, played a significant part in both projects.

Vacaville, a growing area southwest of Sacramento, has long been without a Methodist church. Last month a group or residents met with the Rev. Carl Walker, district superintendent, to organize St. Paul's Methodist Church. They elected trustees and commission chairmen and the first thirteen members were received into the church. So far, St. Paul's congregation meets in the Chamber of Commerce.

Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Herman, former members of First-Vallejo, were prime movers in rousing interest in the organization of a new church.

The new Sunday school meets in a community center building in Vallejo. To begin with there was only a children's department but it is hoped that adult and youth departments will be added this month. Mrs. Herbert Tucker is superintendent of the First Church Sunday school, the organization of which she helped implement.

First-Vallejo Church has taken an option on a new site on Miller Road and has mortgaged its own building pending conference purchase.

Centenary Church, Modesto, now holds a 1½-hour combined worship-study program every Sunday morning in the parsonage at the church's new location site.

The Rev. Wendell Kramer, associate, is in charge of the service, assisted by George Pettygrove

A 50th wedding anniversary was observed on Thanksgiving by Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Van Pelt of Grace United Church, San Francisco.

Recent additions to the All-Family Plan for TOGETHER magazine include churches at Crescent City, Lindsay, Taylor Memorial-Oakland, and Turlock.

Word has been received by Park Presidio United Church, San Francisco, that Miss Faith Whittaker has volunteered for lifetime missionary service and is attending language school in Korea. She left 18 months ago as a three-year missionary to Korea.

Wallace Englund, of Tracy Church, has received one of the 25 Honoray American Farmer Awards, granted by the Future Farmers of America. He teaches vocational agriculture at Tracy High School.

The Rev. and Mrs. Quincy K. Hamilton of Livingston have adopted a son, Charles Kenneth. Until recently, they served at the Pullman Church.

Hillsdale-San Mateo Church observed, on New Year's Eve, a twig-burning ceremony. Each family brough a twig from a Christmas tree to the church. As the family placed the twig on the fire, it concentrated upon goals.

Louis Genochio of Grace-Stockton died following a heart attack on December 12. He was an associate lay leader for Central District.

Mayor George Christopher was recently sclected "public man of the year" by Methodist Men of Calvary-San Francisco. He is to be honored at a public banquet on January 24. Methodist Men cited the mayor for giving the city new spirit.

Newly appointed aide to Henry Cabot Lodge, U. S. delegate to the United Nations, is Richard Pedersen, son of Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Pedersen of Central-Stockton and brother of the Rev. Ralph Pedersen of Trinity-Berkeley. He is the first graduate of the College of the Pacific to have an interdepartmental major in international relations.

Approximately 1,500 intermediates and adult leaders participated in the 1956 Christian Adventure Days. Nineteen programs were conducted, involving most subdistricts of the conference, on the theme of "Goal Posts." The aim is to increase awareness beyond the local group, to inspire higher standards for its program, and to increase concern for others through sharing experiences.

The 60th wedding anniversary of the Rev. and Mrs. A. L. Baker was celebrated December 2. Mr. Baker, who is serving as pastor of Hopland, will observe the close of 65 years in the ministry on March 14.

Wedding ceremonies were held on Christmas Day for Elizabeth Panzer and David W. TeSelle at First-Sacramento. Both have been active in the conference youth program. "Liz" is the daughter of the Rev. and Mrs. Robert A. Panzer of First-Sacramento, and Dave is a member of Central-Stockton.

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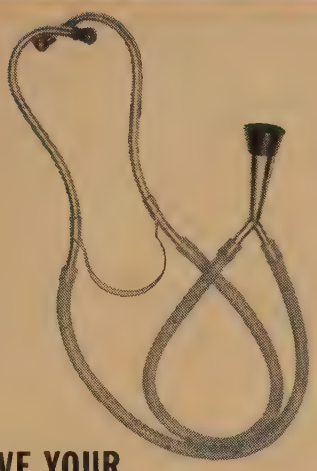

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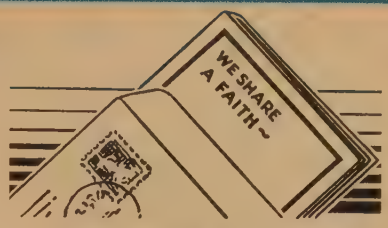

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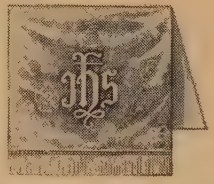

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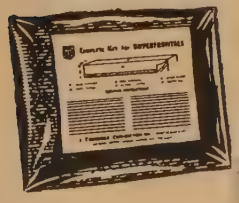

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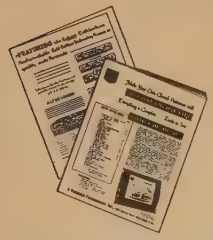

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SUEZ CRISIS

Hurts Christian Missions

British missionary efforts in Egypt are "about finished," according to Dr. Roland Scott, secretary of the Near East Committee of the National Council of Churches.

About 25 per cent of total Protestant missionary activity was stopped by the Egyptians when they closed two British mission stations and arrested some 60 British missionaries. These, along with French Roman Catholic missionaries, face expulsion.

American missionaries (there are about 300 in Egypt, representing 45 denominations) are taking over some of the British work. Only mothers with small children have been evacuated from the U. S. missionary colony.

FILIPINO METHODISTS

Pick Native Leaders

Key jobs in the Philippine Methodist Church are being increasingly filled by local leaders. The tendency, which has been growing rapidly since 1952, forged ahead at the Philippine Central Conference in Manila.

Delegates voted to turn over to their own leaders the administration of all Methodist-related educational, medical, and welfare institutions. They also accepted title to a national headquarters building.

Statistics showed 98,883 active Methodist members; 55,594 in church school; 9,648 in MYF.

CLERGY POLL

Shows Racial Attitudes

Methodist clergymen from several states bordering the South are "far more liberal in their racial attitudes than expected," according to two sociologists. The pair conducted a poll among 271 Negro and white ministers at a Methodist conference in Baltimore.

"The response of the clergy in these two conferences (Baltimore and Washington, D.C.) raises hope for integration in The Methodist Church," said Dr. Clifton R. Jones of Morgan State College, Baltimore, and Dr. Austin Van Der Slice of American University, Washington. They urged white ministers to "provide the leadership required for integration."

Negro ministers, they said, must overcome their fear of losing their "vested interest in the Negro church."

At another Methodist interracial conference in Louisville, Ky., Bishop J. W. E. Bowen, of Atlanta, urged white and Negro Methodists to get together often to learn something of each other by association.

W MOVIES

What Do We Want?

One of the nation's top movie-industry figures is urging Protestants to get together on what they want—and don't want—in films.

Geoffrey Shurlock, director of the Motion Picture Production Code, recently told the General Board of the National Council of Churches that relations between Protestants and the film makers have "never been better than now," but stressed the need for knowing what Protestants seek in motion pictures. He also pointed out that the Roman Catholic Legion of Decency has been in operation for 21 years, while the National Council established its evaluating committee only six years ago.

Mr. Shurlock predicted that *Friendly Persuasion,* story of a Quaker family, should be a box office hit. Protestant experts were consulted in the production of this film, as they were in the making of *A Man Called Peter*—a new step for the industry.

OSTON DISTILLER

Gets White House Letter

The White House has asked a Boston distiller to remove President Eisenhower's name from gift whisky bottles. The action, which won the praise of religious leaders, came after a protest from the Rev. Caradine R. Hooton, general secretary of the Methodist Board of Temperance, and others.

The decanters carry a picture and history of the Capitol, along with names of presidents and inauguration dates.

A White House spokesman said the President had not given permission for the use of his name.

ROTESTANT PROPHECY

00,000 New Churches

To keep pace with population growth Protestants will need 100,000 new churches in the next 20 years. Methodists will need 7,300, or about one a day.

The estimates were prepared by the Rev. George A. Fallon, Lakewood, Ohio, president of the Methodist Council of Evangelism, and summarized to nearly 400 council members as they met at Purdue University to make long-range plans. Mr. Fallon's prediction: "At the current rate of growth, there will be about 38,500,000 more Protestants in the United States two decades from now."

The council, which was holding its first annual meeting, plans a nation-wide "Week of Evangelism" during Lent in 1958. In preparation, it will

(*Continued on page 72*)

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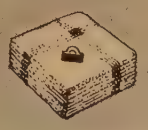

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Methodists Help Hungarian Refugees

Photos from World Council of Churches

THE LITTLE Methodist Church in Vienna, Austria, normally has pews. Not now. In their place are cots—because this is "home" to 150 homeless Hungarians. Members of the congregation removed pews, altered doors, installed plumbing, lights, gas—built a modern kitchen.

"This is madness!" cried one astonished member as the work started. "Refugees will come," young Pastor Horst Marquardt responded quietly. "We dare not tell them to return later. We must be ready."

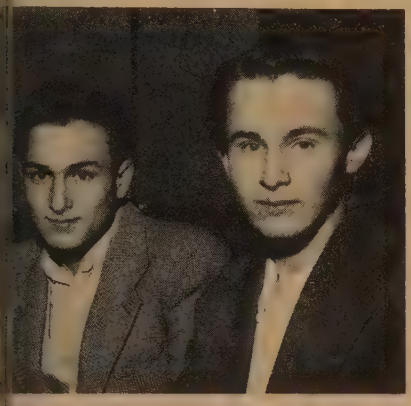
So all night and all day workers hammered, sawed, painted. Pastor Marquardt was right . . . First the refugees asked for a place to kneel and give thanks. Then they gratefully accepted food, clothes, beds, and—appreciated most of all—warm Christian fellowship.

This young lady, eyes shining, is U.S.-bound.

Cots replace pews in the Vienna Methodist Church.

Two reach freedom at the Austrian border.

This woman required medical aid.



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(*Continued from page 69*)
take a national religious census to locate prospective members. The 20-year program will utilize mass-communications media, and mass and visitation evangelism, train lay speakers, recruit more ministers.

Members also heard Dr. Alan Walker, Australian Methodist evangelist, urge more attention to lower-income groups. "This is one of the weakest areas of evangelism in American Methodism," said Mr. Walker, who has been on a year-long "Mission to America."

30TH EDITION

Upper Room for Danes

The *Upper Room*, devotional guide published by the Methodist General Board of Evangelism, is going into its 30th language—Danish—soon. The Rev. J. Manning Potts, editor, announced plans for the newest edition after a tour of Europe and Asia which carried him inside Russia.

There, Dr. Potts said, he was surprised to find some devout Russians reading the *Upper Room*. Previously, it had been assumed the Russian edition was read almost exclusively by Russian refugees.

A Real Life Story

It Started in HOLLYWOOD

By GERALD KENNEDY

IN 1922, an English Methodist parson rented a room in a slum section of London and took in six homeless boys. His church had no money to support him and, with the exception of some good wishes and many earnest prayers, he was on his own. Because of his own childhood spent selling papers and working in the cotton mills, he had a driving desire to make life better for the children of poverty and exploitation. With a great faith, a complete devotion to the task, and much personal charm, the Rev. James Butterworth managed to enlist the help of prominent people. In 1939, Clubland was opened free of debt by Her Majesty Queen Mary, serving 1,000 youngsters and with a plant valued at £100,000.

Then came the war. One night the German bombers demolished Clubland, and what had taken many years and much effort to build was destroyed in minutes. Jimmie Butterworth said to me that he knew he did not have another 35 years to give to the rebuilding and there was not a chance that the money could be raised in an England beset with shortages and destruction.

So this man came to America without any lecture engagements or any introductions to wealthy people. It did not go very well. While he found some sympathetic listeners, few were generous givers. He arrived finally in Hollywood, almost broke.

One afternoon he went out to Paramount Studios with nothing particular in mind, except that his wife would expect him to visit at least one movie studio. A crowd of people waiting around one of the gates turned out to be autograph seekers waiting for a star. This did not interest him, so he wandered away from the crowd. Then a door opened, and a man came out and spoke to Butterworth, whose clerical collar indicated his profession.

"Where are you from?" the man asked.

"I'm from London."

"So am I," said the man. "I was born in London and lived there the first two years of my life. I wasn't getting anywhere, so I left." He added, "Would you like to come in and look at the set?"

Butterworth did not show enthusiasm, so the man asked, "What's the matter? Are you ashamed to be seen with me?" Then this English Methodist preacher said something that should have put an end to the whole business. He said, "I don't know who you are."

The man looked at him as if he must be joking but, seeing the serious expression, he replied, "I am Bob Hope." To this, the preacher made one of the most amazing responses of our time:

"Who is Bob Hope?"

Instead of being offended, Bob seemed impressed and insisted that Jimmie Butterworth come inside and look at a movie set. This gave the English parson a chance to tell his story.

"Now don't worry about it any longer," Bob Hope said as his visitor prepared to leave. "I am coming to London in a few months to put on a show. You can't take much of the money out of the country anyway, and I'll build the first unit."

The preacher thanked him but added, "You will forget about me 10 minutes after I leave."

"No," said Bob, "they keep me around here to teach elephants how to remember."

Jimmie Butterworth returned to London. Contributions came slowly and he had about given up. The property was to be sold within one week—when Bob Hope appeared. He put on his show at the Paladium Theater and announced that the proceeds were going to Clubland. He introduced Butterworth saying, "He doesn't trust me. He is here counting the house!"

When the show was ended, Clubland was $75,000 richer. Since then Bob has opened many doors for the parson and has, along with some other people at Paramount, given the whole enterprise invaluable support and publicity.

I sat one evening listening to this story from Jimmie as we sat on a California patio. I shall never forget what he said:

"You know, I have changed the Scriptures. They now read, 'But now abideth faith, hope, love, these three; but the greatest of these is Hope!'"

DEAST LABYRINTH

ncient Tomb Discovered

A subterranean labyrinth, first of its d ever found in the Middle East, has n uncovered in Galilee by archaeol- sts from Jerusalem.

The passages are believed to surround first unopened royal tomb of the ksos, Israelite desert people who quered Egypt about 1685 B.C. and gned there 511 years.

OSPERITY

an We Take It?

f it's true that adversity tempers the rit, what will happen to Americans ne the 30-hour week?

That's a question which, ministers , is becoming of vital importance to urches.

One indication of Protestant concern: an We Stand Abundance Week," . 20-26, sponsored by the National uncil of Churches' department of urch and economic life.

Methodists are bearing down hard on question. Representatives of 386 thodist churches in the Rock River Lexington conferences met in First urch, Oak Park, Ill., to consider s and related matters.

Al Whitehouse, AFL-CIO director m Cincinnati, urged labor, manage- nt, churches, and other groups to ac- t responsibility for providing activ- s for their people. And the Rev. A. dley Ward, executive secretary of the ard of Social and Economic Rela- ns, warned that many may fill their sure time by taking a second job.

ORLD SERVICE

ifts Up 10 Per Cent

Methodists gave nearly $4,000,000 to orld Service the first half of the fiscal ar (June through November).

This is an increase of 10 per cent er the same period in 1955, but only per cent of the year's $12,200,000 ap- rtionment, the Council on World rvice and Finance reports.

General Conference raised the appor- nment from $9,660,000, the amount ked annually from 1952-54.

IEWS DIGEST . . .

STUDENTS and faculty at Dickin- n College, a Methodist school in Car- le, Pa., will pay full costs for three ungarian refugee students seeking to mplete college educations.

THREE METHODIST clergymen Bishops G. Bromley Oxnam and erald H. Kennedy and Dr. Ralph W. ckman—are among signers of a peti-

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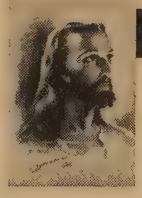

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How To Prevent Hearing Loss From Making You Deaf

Do you know why you hear better sometimes than at other times?

Do you know there are many ways you can improve your hearing without using a hearing aid—if your loss is only slight?

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Let's Get Acquainted

Roy L. Smith

BACK IN 1908, a young Methodist preacher began riding the circuit out of Wellington, Kan. Since then **Roy L. Smith** has circled the globe and become one of the best-known Protestant clergymen. For eight years he edited *The Christian Advocate;* then served our church as publishing agent. Millions have read his provocative books (he's penned over five million words), and enjoyed sermons and speeches that Roy Smith has delivered by the thousand.

On page 9, **Dr. Smith** gives his answer to the intimate question: "How should I pray?" It's the first in a stimulating series on "Personal Testimony" planned for TOGETHER readers.

●

Want a peek into the future? Here's your chance. Turn to page 20 and read *How We'll Live in '77.* The author is **Leo Cherne,** executive director of the Research Institute of America, which makes a science of prediction. Less than 12 years ago **Cherne** wrote a book of prophecies, *The Rest of Your Life.* Many of them have come true already.

Back of **Cherne's** predictions stands an organization which spends six million dollars a year studying trends in the nation's life and economy.

●

For **Ron Broom,** writing is as natural as breathing. He's a veteran member of *The Spokane Chronicle* staff, has had over 125 stories published in other publications. You may have read some in *The Saturday Evening Post* and *Collier's.* An active Methodist layman, he made his first four fiction sales, years ago, to Methodist papers. And now he makes his debut in TOGETHER with *Save the Pieces* on page 43.

OUR CAMERA CLIQUE

Two top professional photographers brighten this issue—and Methodist backgrounds add a "something extra" to their camera clicking. **Robert McCullough,** a Chicago free lance, was twice president of the Epworth League in his home town of Hoopeston, Ill. This was more years ago than he cares to remember, but Bob felt right at home in Algoma, Wis., where he photographed the church smörgasbord shown on pages 24-26.

S. F. Ellertson, one of the top Minneapolis commercial lensmen, has long been a Methodist layman. So he was the logical man to photograph the Walker Gallery of Religious Art in Hennepin Avenue Methodist Church. His color pictures are on pages 35-42.

Camera clickers are curiouser than kittens. How, they always wonder, did *that* photographer get *that* shot? Below we'll give some of the answers—along with the sources of pictures.

●

(Credits are separated from left to right by comma; top to bottom by dashes.) Bot., bottom; cen., center; exc., except; lf., left; rt., right.

1—Alden Brown ● 12—Morrow and Company ● 15, 16—United Press ● 17—Robert F. McCullough (Rolleiflex, bounce Strob light, Tri-X) ● 20, 21—Illustration by Robert Kresin ● 24, 25, 26—Robert F. McCullough (Leica, natural light, Tri-X, with forced development) ● 34—Bettmann Archive ● 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42—S. F. Ellertson (4x5 Graphic, multiple flash bulbs) ● 61—J. Lane Miller exc. top lf.: sacred-service cross, Methodist Information ● 65—John Malone, Nashville Banner—U. S. Navy ● 70, 71—John P. Taylor. World Council of Churches ● 74—Fabian Bachrach ● 75—Cecil B. DeMille Production. Paramount Studios ● 76—Board of Education exc. bot. Board of Hospitals and Homes ● 77—Norman G. Wallace (Graflex, Kodachrome. A guess shot because of a faulty shutter and broken light meter).

tion to President Eisenhower requesting release of 91 Japanese war criminals held in a Tokyo prison.

A RESIDENT of New Hyde Park, N. Y., has protested posting of the Ten Commandments in public-school classrooms. He complained when the school board okayed an "interdenominational" version of the commandments, compiled and approved by community business and civic groups.

GALEN DRAKE'S CBS show has received the Methodist Television, Radio, and Film Commission's first award for promoting hymn-singing on radio.

CHAPEL attendance by Air Force servicemen and their families topped 10 million in 1956 for the third consecutive year.

THE MISSOURI Council of Churches plans to report on state legislation of special interest to church people. Bills will be summarized monthly in a newsletter called *Legislative Digest.*

ONLY THREE of 500 persons questioned in Wisconsin by the Federal Census Bureau refused to reveal their religious preference. Eleven balked at first, answered after an explanation. Results may determine whether a religious question will be asked in the 1960 census.

A JUKEBOX with a dozen favorite hymns provides background music for worshipers visiting the Wayside Chapel of Mount Vernon Place Methodist Church, Washington, D.C.

METHODISM'S only radio station, WMRP, Flint, Mich., has doubled its power. The goal: to increase its listening audience by 100,000. The self-supporting station recently celebrated its 10th anniversary.

A SPECIAL SUPPLEMENT on the Alaska Methodist College, now being planned, has been published by the *Anchorage Daily Times.*

MARINER'S CHURCH in New York City, oldest organization in the U. S. doing religious and social work among seamen, recently marked its 100th birthday.

TOP U. S. CALENDAR ARTISTS have voted Dr. Albert Schweitzer the man with the "most interesting face in the world."

A scene from "The Ten Commandments" illustrates the attention given to details in staging and costuming. Three years and $300,000 went into research. Three months were spent "shooting" in Egypt and the Holy Land.

N COMMANDMENTS

Movie Masterpiece or Misfire?

Cecil B. DeMille's latest Biblical vie, *The Ten Commandments,* has ght the movie-going public in a irlpool of mixed reaction.

ome critics have panned the movie-ker's "crowning achievement" for its vishness," "coarseness," "poor cast-," and "historical inaccuracy."

But the film has won kudos from rgymen and lay people who find in-ration in Mr. DeMille's three hour l 39 minute spectacle.

From Roman Catholic, Jewish, and otestant leaders comes much favor-e comment. Typical "pro" reactions: Methodist Bishop Gerald Kennedy of s Angeles told Mr. DeMille: "Your ntribution to this generation, through s picture, will be one of the signifi-nt ones of our time."

Another prominent Methodist, the v. Ralph W. Sockman, said, "The st vistas stretch the mind, and the in-nate touches move the heart . . . It kes the Bible thrillingly alive."

Catholic Archbishop Francis Cardinal Spellman said the film "will spiritually enrich the lives of all who see it."

And Rabbi Abraham J. Feldman said, "The struggle of a people for freedom is eloquently told in this stirring film."

On the other side, *Time* caustically describes the portrayal of the Exodus as "almost a sort of Sexodus," and says the picture is "something roughly comparable to an eight-foot chorus girl—pretty well put together, but much too big and much too flashy."

While the conflict simmers, Producer DeMille, 75, has announced he will give all his own profits from the movie to a special fund for "charitable, religious, and educational purposes."

And some of the vast research material assembled in making *The Ten Commandments* has been published in the book form by the University of Southern California Press. The title: *Moses and Egypt.*

Charlton Heston as Moses—soldier, lawgiver.

A million-dollar school to train students for diplomatic service is planned for American University, Washington, D. C. Above is Battelle Memorial Library.

METHODIST SCHOOLS

Education's Twelfth Hour

Methodist educators say the church's 106 related colleges and universities have reached a critical hour.

Enrollments at these institutions (currently estimated at 222,500) are going up 30,000 each year.

There now are about 360,000 students from Methodist churches attending all institutions of higher learning in the U. S. This number, it is predicted, will rise to 550,000 within the next 10 years.

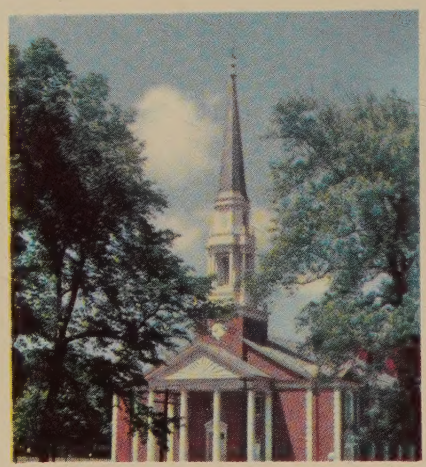
Costs in the last 25 years have tripled and quadrupled.

But far more portentous, leaders point out, is the increasingly popular association of education with skills and pay checks, rather than intellectual attainments.

At recent annual meetings in Philadelphia and Atlantic City, Methodist educators poured over blueprints of a four-year plan to make the schools academically sound, financially stable, and thoroughly Christian in purpose. The plan filled in the outline initially charted by the 1956 General Conference.

(Meeting were the new Commission on Christian Higher Education, Board of Education, and the National Association of Schools and Colleges of The Methodist Church.)

They tackled the huge task of building two new theological seminaries, relocating two others, building a million-dollar School of International Service at American University, Washington, D. C., training 1,200 new ministers a year by 1960 (twice the present number of graduates), strengthening church-school ties, and making Christianity a vigorous, respected force on the campus.



Century-old MacMurray College, Jacksonville, Ill., will open its doors to men students for the first time next fall.

HOSPITALS & HOMES

Record Year in Sight

U. S. Methodist hospitals and homes expect 1956 will set new records in terms of total assets and people served.

Looking ahead to their annual meeting Feb. 26-28 in Chicago, officials of the Board of Hospitals and Homes say they anticipate the total number of people being served to top the 1,255,198 reported at the end of 1955. Assets, they hopefully predict, will top $325,950,586.

But right along with these gains have gone increased operating costs ($114,989,908 for 1955) and higher costs for capital improvements.

This problem, and a shortage of staff personnel, are certain to be spotlighted when the board—advisory agency to 204 Methodist institutions—brings together about 700 key administrators, annual conference chairmen, chairmen of Golden Cross societies, and others involved in Methodism's philanthropic and health interests.

It is estimated that in the next four years this board will need 20,000 new staff people, including 12,000 student nurses, 1,200 laboratory technicians, and 200 pharmacists.

Main speakers at the meeting will be Dr. Ralph W. Sockman, pastor of Christ Church, Methodist, New York City; Dr. Harold C. Case, president of Boston University; and Dr. Benjamin Boshes, chairman of the department of neurology and psychiatry, Northwestern University, and member of the staff of Chicago Wesley Memorial Hospital.

Abraham Blank, a Jewish businessman, gave The Methodist Church this children's hospital unit in Des Moines, Iowa.

"For purple mountain majesties above the fruited plain!"

America the Beautiful

By Katharine Lee Bates

O beautiful for spacious skies, for amber waves of grain,
For purple mountain majesties above the fruited plain!
America! America! God shed his grace on thee
And crown thy good with brotherhood from sea to shining sea.

O beautiful for pilgrim feet, whose stern, impassioned stress
A thoroughfare for freedom beat across the wilderness!
America! America! God mend thine every flaw,
Confirm thy soul in self-control, thy liberty in law.

O beautiful for heroes proved in liberating strife,
Who more than self their country loved, and mercy more than life!
America! America! May God thy gold refine,
Till all success be nobleness, and every gain divine.

O beautiful for patriot dream that sees beyond the years
Thine alabaster cities gleam undimmed by human tears!
America! America! God shed his grace on thee
And crown thy good with brotherhood from sea to shining sea.

WHAT'S YOUR favorite poem? Let us know. We plan to present "favorite poem" each month. The photograph of Superstition Mountain is by Norman G. Wallace.

DO YOU TAKE COLOR PHOTOS?

You've probably pointed your camera at blazing autumn scenes, the purple mountains of the West, or the sun-flecked waters of your favorite lake. If so, maybe you can help us illustrate the famous poem-hymn, *America the Beautiful.* And your lensmanship may win you a $25 or $35 prize!

Gather your family together tonight and read aloud *America the Beautiful.* Then run through your color photos to see which ones best illustrate Katherine Lee Bates' famous verses.

Pick your best transparencies, identify them with your name, address, location of the picture. Then send them to the Photo Editor, TOGETHER, 740 N. Rush Street, Chicago 11, Illinois.

Send as many color transparencies (*not prints*) as you wish. Winners will be chosen on the basis of subject matter primarily. Composition, design, and sharpness of detail also count in judging.

We'll pay you $25 for each 35 mm slide, and $35 for larger transparencies that are published in TOGETHER. We'll be careful with your entries, of course. But please include postage so we can return the unused ones after the judging.

To be eligible, your entries must be received no later than February 15, 1957.

027
CHARLES HOLBROOK LIB
PAC SHL OF REL 1789 SCENIC
BERKELEY 9 CALIF.

The 1826 prospectus described the *Christian Advocate* as "an entertaining, instructive and profitable family visitor." This week, in one of the most ambitious ventures in the history of church publishing, the U.S. Methodist Church split the 130-year-old *Christian Advocate* into two visitors—one entertaining and one instructive.

The instructive visitor is for ministers: a trim, digest-sized monthly called *The New Christian Advocate,* packed with 22 pithy articles under such headings as Church Administration, Architecture & Building, Pastor & Parsonage. Illustrations and features enliven the pages between pastoral shoptalk ranging from "Preaching on Controversial Issues" to "Psychiatry Needs Religion." The centerfold is devoted to a spread of new gadgets calculated to gladden a ministerial eye, like the Carryor ("enables the minister to carry his pulpit robe easily"; $8.75) or the miniature pew ("makes youngsters enjoy attending church"; $5.95). The purpose of the new *Advocate,* said Los Angeles' Bishop Gerald Kennedy, will be to "bring back to men who have been beaten down by routine, the memory of their ordination and the sense of the dignity of their high calling." Initial circulation: 25,000.

For lay families the Methodist Publishing House has launched a spanking new slick-paper magazine called *Together.* Edited by Leland D. Case, onetime editor of *The Rotarian* (circ. 302,202), this 88-page "Midmonth Magazine for Methodist Families" aims to have something for everybody. Manhattan's crowd-pulling Preacher Ralph W. Sockman contributes the lead article on "What My Religion Means to Me," but religion as such is subordinated to fiction and features; *e.g.,* a movie guide with plus or minus recommendations broken down for adults, youth, children and family, a picture essay on a child with a cleft palate, an account of the world's record drop-kicked field goal (63 yards, in 1915, by Dakota Wesleyan's Halfback Mark Payne). Eye catcher is a color portfolio of portraits of Christ, vividly demonstrating how men have altered Christ's image to accord with the temper of their times and of themselves. The portraits range from the sad ascetic of the earliest 2nd century drawings through the agonized Renaissance Christ of Flemish Painter Albrecht Bouts to the smiling companion of Contemporary Ohio Painter Ivan Pusecker.

Prepublication demand has been so great that the initial print order was upped from 600,000 to 700,000. By the end of the year, *Together* expects to have 1,000,000 subscriptions.

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Galyatetö and Bu sat through
many a tough-talking session before the Communists gave Dr. Fry assurance that Bishop Ordass would soon be completely exonerated. In addition to rehabilitation

MAY, 1952
SAN FRANCISCO

"We call for a bold venture for the creation of a Methodist periodical combining the best in modern craftsmanship and editorial skill and aimed at a circulation within twelve months of not fewer than one million copies."

Council of Bishops
The Methodist Church

MAY, 1956
MINNEAPOLIS

The General Conference approves TOGETHER — The Midmonth Magazine for Methodist Families, and urges churches to adopt the All Family subscription plan with "costs carried in the regular local church budget."

4,000 CHURCHES ADOPT ALL FAMILY PLAN

JANUARY, 1957, CHICAGO

After only three months, TOGETHER is rapidly approaching the first year goal of 1,000,000 copies set by our bishops. Over 4,000 churches have adopted the All Family plan—putting TOGETHER in the homes of 800,000 families.

Is yours an All Family church? For details write: TOGETHER, 740 N. Rush St., Chicago 11.

St. Bartholomew Church, Genoa

Three Lions

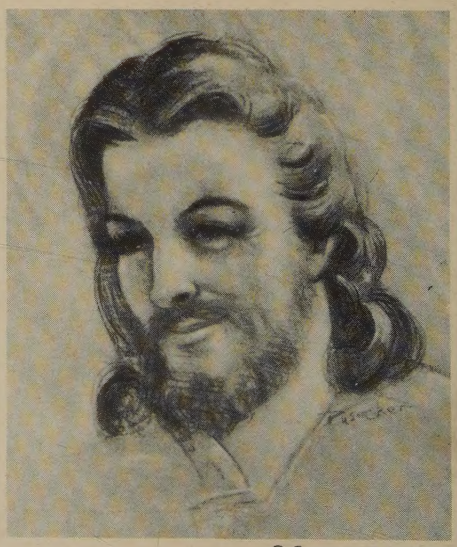

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IMAGE OF CHRIST: 2ND CENTURY; BY ALBRECHT BOUTS (1455-1549); BY IVAN PUSECKER (1908-)
A sad ascetic, a tear-stained sufferer, a smiling companion.